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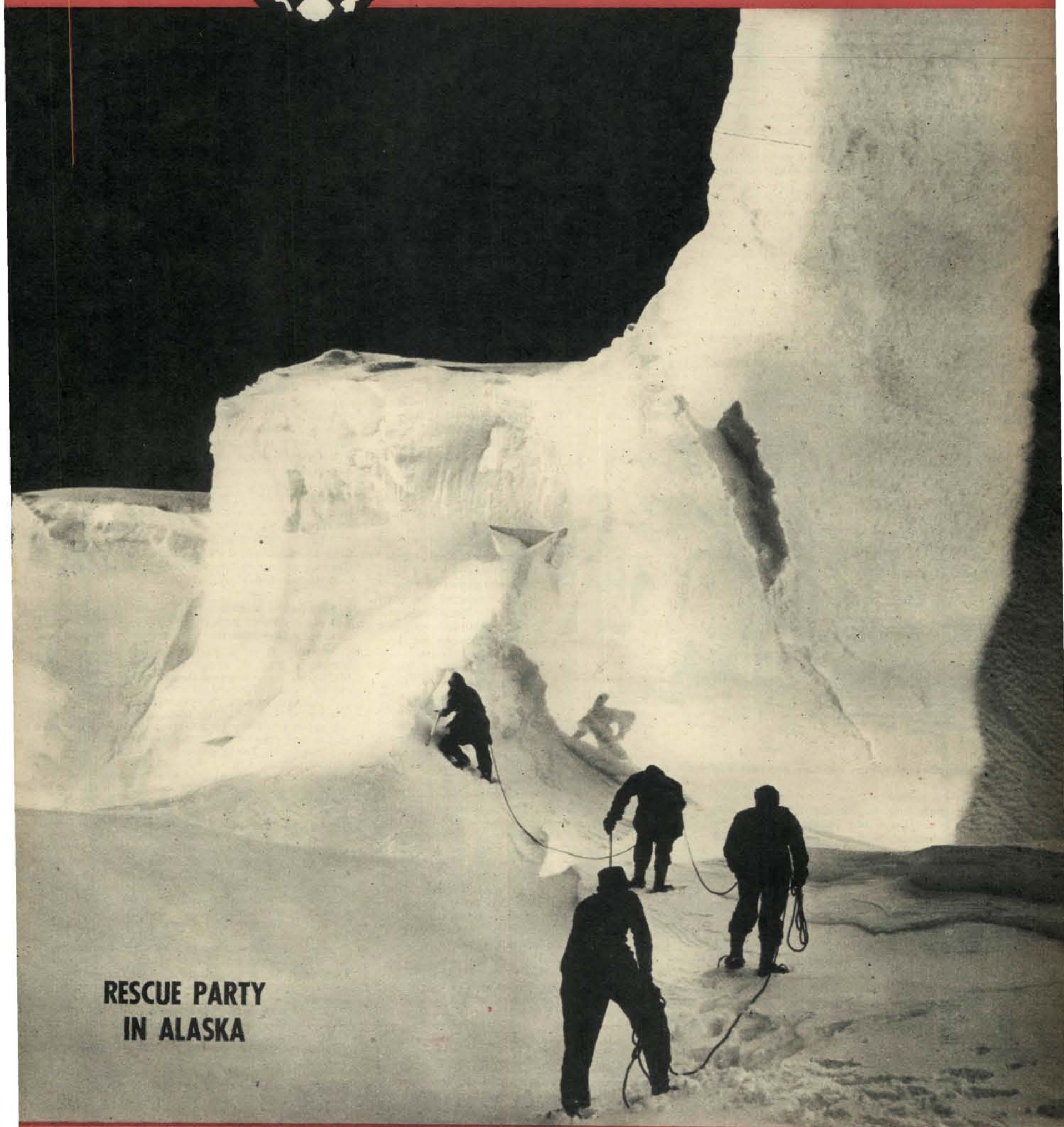
By the men . . . for the men in the service



RESCUE PARTY IN ALASKA

How Germans Killed American Prisoners of War

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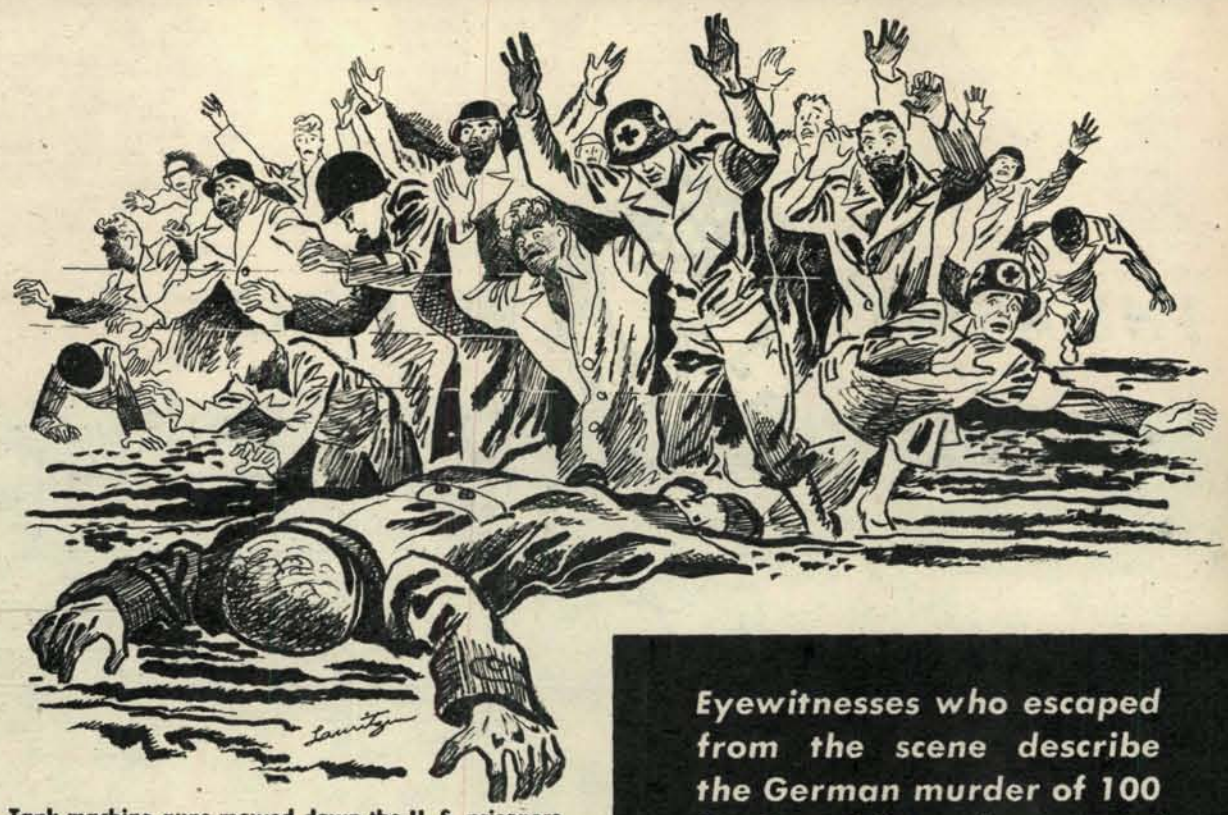
By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

MALMEDY, BELGIUM—In a snow-covered field three miles from this town lie the bodies of 100 or more American soldier-prisoners of war who were murdered there by the Germans on the first day of Marshal Karl von Rundstedt's counteroffensive along the Western Front. Their frozen corpses may still be where they fell, with "some of the bodies lying across other bodies," as German PWs later described the scene. We do not know whether the Nazis even extended them a decent burial, for the region is still in enemy hands. But we do know the details of the massacre, carried out in open violation of the Geneva Convention.

Early in the afternoon of Dec. 17, a convoy of Battery B of a Field Artillery observation battalion was moving along three miles south of Malmedy on the road leading to St. Vith. About 300 yards beyond the crossroad of the cut-off to St. Vith, the convoy was hit by enemy riflemen, machine gunners and mortarmen hidden in the surrounding woods. All the American vehicles halted immediately.

The men jumped off and took cover in ditches lining both sides of the road. Several minutes later they were flushed out of their hiding places by Tiger tanks from a German armored column which lumbered along the ditches spraying machine-gun fire. Other tanks quickly knocked out some 24 American trucks and other vehicles. Armed only with small weapons, the Americans were taken prisoner.

These Germans had earlier captured some other Americans, among them five MPs, two ambulance drivers, a mess sergeant, several Medical Corps men, engineers, infantrymen and some members of an armored reconnaissance outfit. All the prisoners—there were about 150—were herded up the road where they were searched and stripped of their pocketbooks, watches, gloves, cigarettes and weapons. Their captors ordered them to line up in a snow-covered field south of the crossroads.



Tank machine guns mowed down the U. S. prisoners.

Eyewitnesses who escaped from the scene describe the German murder of 100 U. S. soldier-prisoners of war captured in Belgium.

The German officer in the car stood up and took deliberate aim with a pistol.

While the Americans were lining up, an enemy half-track mounting an 88 gun tried to swing around to cover them but couldn't. Instead the Germans parked tanks at either end of the field, where their machine guns had full sweep over the prisoners. Just then a German command car drew up.

The German officer in the car stood up, took deliberate aim with a pistol at an American medical officer in the front rank of the prisoners and fired. As the medical officer fell, the German fired again and another American dropped.

Immediately two tanks at the end of the field opened up with their machine guns on the defenseless prisoners, some of them noncombatant Medical Corps men with medic brassards and Red Cross-marked helmets. All of the prisoners in the field were standing with their hands raised over their heads.

When the massacre started, the unwounded dropped to the ground along with those who had been shot. Flat on their stomachs with their faces pushed into snow and mud, the Americans were raked by machine-gun and small-arms fire from a column of tanks which had begun to move along the road 25 yards away. Each of 25 to 50 Tiger tanks and half-tracks took its turn firing on the prostrate group.

One tank and several German soldiers were left behind to finish off those who had not been killed. The Nazi guards walked among the American soldiers shooting at those who lay groaning in agony. They kicked others in the faces to see if they were really dead or just faking. Those who moved were shot in the head.

One American medic got up to bandage the wounds of a seriously injured man from his own company-aid unit. The Nazis permitted him to finish the work, shot both him and the patient.

Fortunately the guards were not too thorough in their search for Americans who were pretending to be dead. Several of the prisoners had not been wounded at all and others were only slightly wounded. About an hour after the armored column left, several of the survivors — including some of the wounded—decided to make a break for freedom. Fifteen men made the first attempt. While the guards were some distance away they jumped up and ran north along the road toward Malmedy amid machine-gun fire from their surprised guards. At the crossroads they were fired on by another machine-gun crew stationed there. This frightened 12 of the fugitives into taking cover in a nearby house while the other three continued to the woods.

The house was a death trap for the 12 Americans. Closing in on their victims, the Germans set up a machine gun in front of the building, which they then set on fire. As the Americans tried to escape through the door and windows of the blazing building, they were mowed down. All died there, buried beneath the falling walls.

The three who had continued running hid in the woods until dark, then made their escape.

After the first break, several other prisoners made similar attempts. Some succeeded in getting back to the American lines while others were killed. Most of the successful breaks were made after dark. Some of the wounded did not make the attempt until midnight, after lying in snow for 11 hours or longer.

Of the approximately 150 American prisoners rounded up as human targets for the Nazi marksmen, only 43 are definitely known to have escaped the German slaughter, and more than three-quarters of these were wounded. Only 25 men of Battery B's roster of 138 have been reported safe. There may be others but this is improbable, as the area is still in German hands.

As is customary in all atrocity cases, the Inspector General's Department of the Army made an immediate investigation to determine the authenticity of stories told by survivors. Five wounded soldiers were interviewed less than 12 hours after their ordeal when the details were still fresh in their minds. Thirty-two men were questioned thoroughly and their stories were found to coincide in all except minor details. The Inspector General's Department has released some of the survivors' statements with the guarantee that they are an essentially correct account of what happened on Dec. 17 in the snow-covered field 13 miles south of Malmedy. Questioning of German prisoners later verified most of the story told by the Americans.

HERE is the testimony of Theodore Jay Paluch, as recorded and certified by the Inspector General's Department:

"Battery B of a Field Artillery observation battalion was in a convoy going south from Malmedy. They stopped the convoy at 1330 when mortar fire was heard. We got out of the trucks and jumped in a ditch beside the vehicles. Then some men took off when they saw they were being captured. They [the Germans] took watches, gloves and cigarettes from prisoners, then put us inside a fence. Tanks passed for 15 minutes.

"Everything was all right until a command car turned the corner. At that time an officer in the command car fired a shot with his pistol at a medical officer who was one yard to my left. Then he fired another shot to my right. At that time a tank following the command car opened fire on approximately 175 men inside the fence. We all fell and lay as still as we could. Every tank that passed from then on would fire into the group laying there. At one time they came around with pistols and fired at every officer that had bars showing. An officer put mud on his helmet to cover his bars.

"The tanks stopped passing about 1445. At 1500 someone said: 'Let's go.' At that time 15 men got up and started to run north from where we were laying on the other side of the road. Twelve of the men ran into a house (at the northwestern part of the crossroads) and three of us kept going.

"There was a machine gun at the crossroads plus four Germans. When we got in back of the house, they couldn't fire the machine gun at us. They burned the house down into which the 12 men ran.

"When the three of us were in back of the house, we played dead again because a German in a black uniform came around with a pistol, looking us over. We lay there until dark when we rolled to a hedgerow where we weren't under observation. Laying there was a staff sergeant

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from —— Division, shot in the arm. We started to walk but stayed 200 to 300 yards from the main road. In about a quarter of a mile we met a medic who was shot in the foot and also a fellow from my outfit. Four of us came into Malmedy."

A first lieutenant who was wounded and therefore must remain unidentified was the only Battery B officer available for questioning by the IG Department. Here is his summary:

"We made a turn to the right of the crossroad to head toward St. Vith. We got about 300 yards down the road and at that time artillery, mortar and small-arms fire opened up on our echelon. The fire seemed to come from the east and southeast. Some of the men got out on the road with their hands up. They told me a [German] tank was coming down the road. Naturally, small arms was all we had. We put our hands up and they approached.

"One of the officers in the tank stuck his head out and was going to shoot me, but I changed my position and he started to shoot at the captain instead. He missed both times. I jumped into a ditch which was nearby.

Massacre

"At this time about three or four tanks came down the road. They told us to take off to the rear of the column and questioned some of the men about watches, jewelry and such things. My medical corporal requested permission to give first aid to the wounded but was refused.

"While we were in the field, an officer shot into those of us who were not wounded. We fell to the ground and lay there motionless while they continued to shoot into the crowd. It was withering fire. I was wounded twice in the foot while lying on the field. Apparently satisfied, that group left. Then after a while more German soldiers came up the road. As they passed the field they took pot shots at us.

"We were lying in the field about an hour or hour and a half. Then we made a break for it. I found shelter in a barn.

"No man in our group tried to make a break before we were first fired upon. We had our arms over our heads. None of us had any weapons while in the field."

One member of a Field Artillery unit, T-5 Warren R. Schmitt, escaped the massacre by crawling into a small stream and covering himself with grass and mud. After his convoy was stopped, Schmitt jumped into a ditch along with his battery mates. But as mortar and machine-gun fire increased, he sought shelter in a stream only one foot deep. He reached this stream, 40 feet from the road, by crawling on his stomach. Estimating that the Germans had 40 Tiger tanks, Schmitt said in his sworn statement:

"They stopped our convoy, and men in black uniforms dismounted and began rounding up prisoners. I su[illegible] covered myself wi[illegible] wasn't captured. A[illegible] during this time I was lying in the stream and playing dead. I don't know whether they saw me or not. For about an hour after they first started firing into the group of prisoners, all of the tanks that passed fired into them. Forty half-tracks that passed fired also.

"I lay in the stream for approximately two hours and after that time was so numb that I couldn't move the lower half of my body, but by crawling and dragging myself I made my way to some woods. I rubbed my legs to get back circulation and then by means of my compass found my way back to the road. I went down the road until I was halted by a friendly guard and was taken to an aid station."

William Reem is another of the few Battery B men who escaped uninjured. The Germans took his watch and ring after routing him out of a ditch where he had taken cover. Reem said that some of the Americans who didn't have their hands up when the Germans approached were summarily shot. Reem said under oath:

"Some of the boys were moaning, and they [the Germans] came around and shot them again. I couldn't understand what the Germans were saying, but they laughed and talked and then they shot. They shot one fellow twice in the leg while he was laying there. They took something off of him; he is a T-5. He was laying about 15 feet away from me and I talked with him while I was laying there. I heard them shoot him. The Germans were standing right at his head. I think they took his wristwatch or something; he was hollering 'No, No' and then they shot him. I asked him if he was hit and he said 'Yes.' But he came in with me. . . . There were two others [who escaped] who were medics; I didn't know them as they weren't from my outfit. They [the Germans] shot three of our medics; some other medics were also shot. There were three or four lieutenants from my battery; I think one got away. When I looked around, I saw one with a green raincoat and a white stripe on his helmet, running. I don't know whether he got away or not. I couldn't tell how many men got away. Men were running in all directions. Quite a few ran—10 in the bunch that I was in."

Pvt. Roy B. Anderson, an ambulance driver from Austin, Ind., was driving his ambulance south of Malmedy on his way to Waimes when he had to stop behind a convoy. It was Battery B's antiaircraft guns, trucks and jeeps. Pvt. Anderson, who wore his Medical Corps brassard on his arm, was rounded up in the fenced field with the artillerymen. He said under oath that there were several other medical soldiers in the group who were also wearing armbands. He told how an American medical officer, wearing a Red Cross brassard, lay next to him in the field, shot in the stomach. Anderson also testified that before the first shots were fired into the group, he saw no one trying to make a break and saw no Americans with weapons.

When machine guns first opened up on the convoy, T-5 Charles Fappman, who was driving one of B Battery's ¾-ton trucks, thought they were friendly gunners firing at buzz bombs, which were then coming over very low. But when the bullets got closer, the men in his truck yelled for him to stop. He did. This is his sworn account of what happened after that:

"We all dove into a ditch on the right-hand side of the road, where we continued to receive machine-gun fire and a few mortar shells. One or two tanks then came along the road and strafed the ditch with machine-gun fire. Another man and I got up and raised our hands. We were motioned to get out on the street. We were then formed in a circle, and as the tanks went by they would stop and call us over individually and relieve us of our wristwatches and gloves.

"They penned up the whole of B Battery in a circle and then told us to go over a fence into a field southwest of the house. They had us there [illegible] 15 minutes. One Ger[illegible] his pistol and fired point-blank [illegible] and a fellow to the left of me dropped. He fired again and someone at my back dropped. Then almost immediately they opened up with their machine-gun fire."

The account of how two Medical Corps men were shot in cold blood after one had treated the other's wounds was given by Sgt. Kenneth Ahrens of Erie, Pa., a member of B Battery. Ahrens knew both men and their names are listed in his official statement.

One American soldier was held prisoner in a German half-track for three hours before being herded into the slaughter field. A mess sergeant from an Infantry outfit, he was captured by a German tank while driving his jeep along the road near Waimes. The mess sergeant was put on the Nazi half-track, and he rode around with his captors for three hours. Finally when the Germans had rounded up their victims, he was forced into the field with the other Americans. He was wounded in the arm by machine-gun bullets, but eventually he managed to escape.

The testimony of the German PWs captured after the massacre has substantiated the account of the atrocities given by the Americans who escaped. Here is an extract of the testimony given by one German prisoner, a member of the 1st *SS Panzer* Division:

"On Dec. 17, 1944, at about 3:30 P.M., I saw approximately 50 dead American soldiers lying in a field near an intersection where paved roads radiated in three directions. This point was near Malmedy and between two and three kilometres from Stavelot. The bodies were between 30 and 40 meters from the road and were lying indiscriminately on the ground. In some instances the bodies were lying across each other. There was a burning house at the intersection and a barn and a shed. I also saw a line of disabled jeeps and trucks on the road near this house. I did not stop at the scene, but continued on with my organization."

Questioning of the German PWs, together with the description of *SS* uniforms and insignia supplied by the Americans, has convinced First Army officials that members of the *SS Panzer* Division are responsible for the atrocity at Malmedy. Most of the Germans in the particular company involved are believed to have been killed in the recent battle against American forces in eastern Belgium.

They shot both the medic and his wounded patient.

The burning building was covered by German guns

One German prisoner, a member of the 1st *SS Panzer* Division but not of the particular outfit that carried out the massacre, when asked if the appearance of the bodies had made any impression on him, replied: "It was such an unusual sight. I thought it was murder." Another German, told of the killing by fellow prisoners, said: "I have no idea why it was done. There are people among us who find joy in such atrocities."

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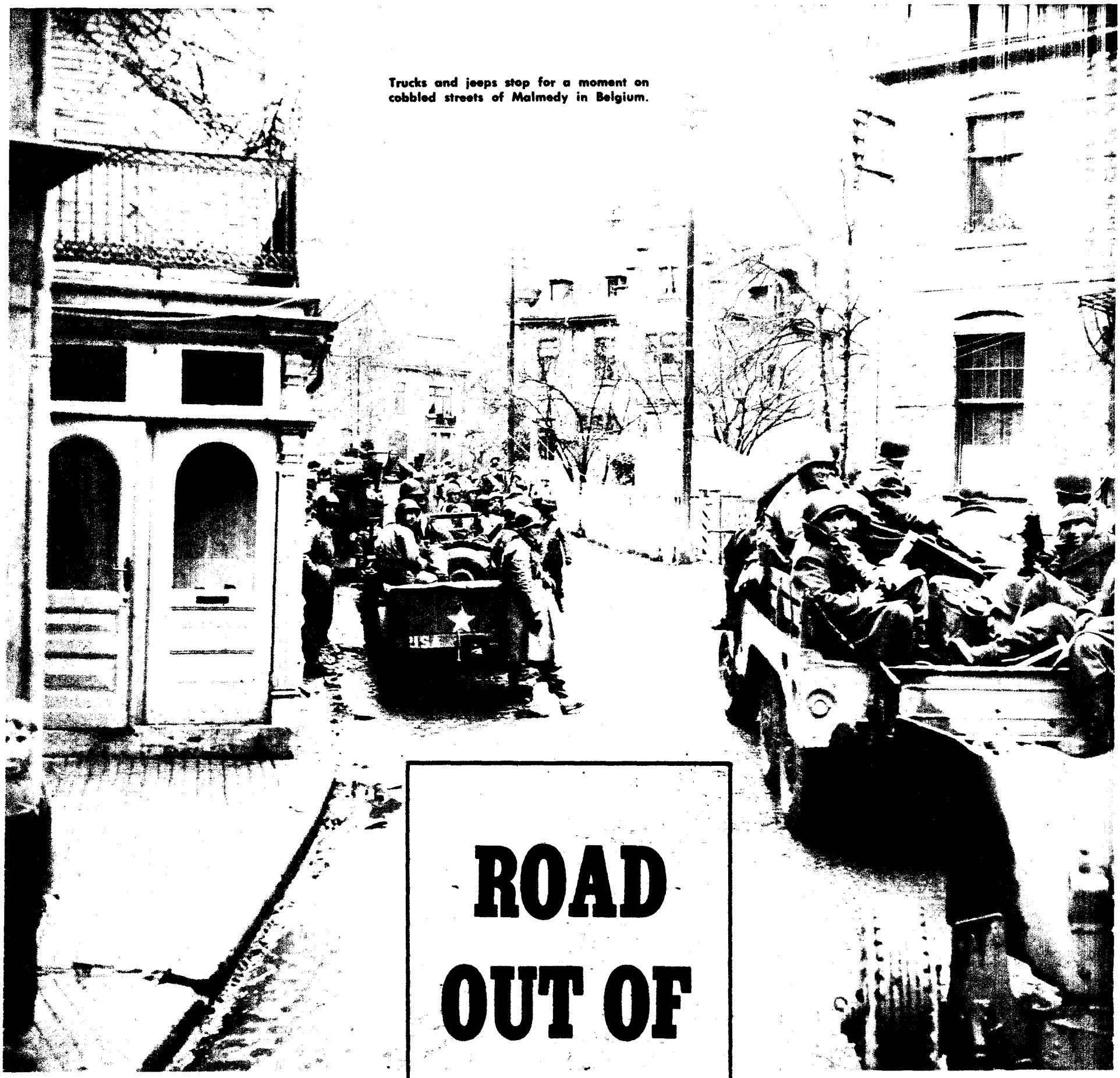

Trucks and jeeps stop for a moment on cobbled streets of Malmedy in Belgium.

ROAD OUT OF TOWN

During the big German offensive, Allied traffic went both ways in Belgium—toward the front in TDs, tanks and half-tracks; toward the rear in anything that moves.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM—There is the same feeling about the evacuation of a town as there is about a wake: you go in, mumble some incoherency to bereaved relatives, take a brief, self-conscious look at the corpse and then tiptoe into another room to whisper with fellow mourners, even though you know you cannot possibly disturb the person you came to see.

A frightened Belgian woman here tearfully asks if the Americans are leaving the town to its fate before the advancing *Boche*. She does not understand that combat men are staying behind to fight, and that this whole evacuation is just a consolidation of the American lines to stop the German advance before it gains too much momentum. Rear echelons and consolidated lines and the wisdom of moving back to take advantage of natural defensive terrain mean nothing to her. She only remembers the four years the Nazis spent in her town and what their return will mean to her and her people.

It is hard to look at the clusters of old men and women and children standing silently on every street corner, watching the U.S. Army six-by-sixes, command cars and jeeps assembling in convoy for evacuation. They remind you of a bereaved family at its father's bier.

Then suddenly there is the sound of planes overhead and bombs being dropped on the convoy road that runs west of the town. On a street corner nearby, a little girl with blond curls buries her head in her mother's coat and cries. The mother pats the blond curls tenderly and keeps repeating: *"C'est fini. C'est fini."* But there is no belief in her voice.

A little farther down the street is a U.S. Army hospital, formerly a Belgian schoolhouse, which was evacuated this morning. The wounded and sick who slept there last night are now in ambulances and trucks, bouncing over that road which has just been bombed. In the main corridor of the schoolhouse, a stoop-shouldered old man and his gray-haired wife patiently fill wooden boxes with cracked dinner plates, teacups without handles, books, magazines and other articles.

Across the street from the hospital are three trucks with Red Crosses painted on their sides. The drivers—Pfc. Harry R. Poss of Buffalo, N. Y.; Cpl. Stanley Smith of Trucksville, Pa., and Pvt. James Myers of Revere, Mass.—were captured by the Germans this morning in a town 15 miles east of here. Two *SS* lieutenants had roared into town on motorcycles, grabbed the unarmed medics and forced them to wait at a crossroads while they baited the trap for more prisoners. Half an hour later an American counterattack forced the *SS* men to flee, leaving their prisoners behind. Now the three drivers with their truckloads of hospital supplies were looking for the field hospital that had been in this town. "First we get captured," said Poss, "then we lose our hospital."

THE whole population of the town seems to be lining the cobbled streets to watch the Americans leave. The men stand silently, but some of the women and young girls cry softly. Only very

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These are the faces of Belgians who have seen their town change hands three times.

small children still smile and wave as their elders did a few short months ago when the Americans first came to town.

Out on the convoy road the traffic going west is already jammed. Stretched for miles ahead are the six-by-sixes, half-ton trucks, command cars, ambulances, jeeps, weapons carriers and heavy-ordnance vehicles linked in the moving chain of the bumper-to-bumper escape caravan.

Our jeep stalls beside a bomb crater on the right side of the road. Hanging on a fencepost is a pair of torn and muddy OD pants. Half buried in the mud below are the remains of a GI shirt, matted with blood and torn as if whoever took it off was in a great hurry. In the muddy crater are two American bodies and an abandoned stretcher. They have been pushed off the road so that the passing vehicles would not run them over. An Army blanket covers each corpse. Beside one body is a helmet with the medic's Red Cross painted on it. There is a hole drilled clean through it.

On the other side of the road, going east, is a long convoy of tanks, TDs and half-tracks of an armored unit moving up to the front. Our jeep passes slowly through a village, wedged between a weapons carrier and an ordnance truck, and the people of the village line both sides of the street, watching the movement of war. The people on our side are silent and grave, and their eyes have a mixed expression of dread and reproach. They look at our column without warmth, because it is going west. But on the other side there are young girls waving and laughing at the Americans in the tanks and half-tracks who are going east to meet the Germans. Older men and women smile behind their fears and give the V-salute to the men in crash helmets and smiles at everything. An old lady stands in the doorway of a house by the road, urging a little boy by her side to wave at the Yanks.

At the edge of the village, still going west, are long lines of refugees, carrying suitcases and blankets and tablecloth packs, plodding slowly and painfully along the shoulders of the road. Some of the more fortunate ride bicycles with their packs balanced on the handlebars. Others push carts loaded with lamps and favorite chairs and loaves of bread and sacks of potatoes. A baby too young to walk sits on a sack of potatoes and smiles at everything.

There is a feeling of security along the road when it gets dark and there is no longer the fear of planes. The convoy travels blacked out, with only cat's-eyes and tail lights to mark its progress, and the drivers are very careful to avoid the tanks and half-tracks on the left and the long lines of civilians on the right. Suddenly there is a murmuring from the human line on the right. Everyone turns to the east. There is a low humming sound that grows gradually more ominous, and a long fiery streak flashes through the black sky. It is a German buzz bomb headed toward the Belgian cities to the west. Everyone breathes in half-takes until the flaming arrow has passed over the slow-moving convoy.

Finally the rolling country gives way to scattered black buildings, which can be sensed rather than seen. A city is coming up, far enough away from the lines to be a city of refuge. But it's not that now. Enemy planes are overhead; sirens are moaning and red and yellow and green antiaircraft tracers are reaching up through the blackness. They make you think of a giant Christmas tree in an enormous room, blacked out except for the red and yellow and green lights on the tree. The lights suddenly shoot up, spend their brilliance and then sink back into blackness.

Now you start to think about the people who said so confidently that the European war would be over by Christmas, and when you think about them you begin to laugh. You can laugh now—in spite of the ack-ack Christmas tree before you, the little blond girl who cries at the sound of bombs, the old men pushing rickety carts on a convoy road running west, the Americans in crash helmets and combat overalls who ride east, and the people of an evacuated town that gives you the same feeling you get at a wake.

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Pvt. Sam Rosenthal and his assault parrot moved up together.

Litter-bearers bring back wounded past an American M5 tank on a muddy road near Ormoc.

Landing at Ormoc

In the 77th Division's jump up Leyte's coast, there was plenty of walking for the infantry and plenty of work for the medics.

By Sgt. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

ORMOC, LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The doughfeet of the 77th Division beached 4½ miles south of Ormoc at 0700 hours. Resistance was light at first. Pfc. David J. Kreiser of Indiantown Gap, Pa., sat on the soft sand and said, "It looks pretty damned good."

It was so good that Pvt. Sam Rosenthal of Brooklyn, N. Y., had brought his parrot, My My, ashore on his shoulder, and My My hadn't ruffled a feather.

The landing troops worked inland and started up the road to Ormoc in the face of occasional mortar and light sniper fire. They reached the first day's objective before noon, then pushed on another 4,000 yards before digging in for the night. In the morning, M Company of the 307th jumped off through elements of the 306th and ran into a flock of trouble right off. The terrain over which they had to attack was flat and covered with waist-high grass. The Japs were scattered through the field in shallow foxholes. Jap artillery opened up, wounding about 20 men. But M company moved forward and by 0930 was well on its way toward high ground.

When the Japs formed for a counterattack on the right flank of our lead elements, Col. Stephen S. Hamilton, CO of the 307th, called up a battery of 4.2 mortars. Then he sent his first battalion through some sparse woods and up onto a ridge to cover his flank. About a quarter of a mile ahead a road ran straight as a ruler across flat cane-covered fields into another wooded rise. Jap fire had come from there, and two M10s moved out over the road that was built above the level of the fields like the top of a levee. A thin line of infantry spread out behind them and to their side. The M10s blasted the wooded area, and then the colonel's voice could be heard, hollering for the men to get moving into the woods. A young captain ran out in front and yelled, "Okay, damn it, let's go!"

The skirmish line moved forward. BAR fire crackled out from the line and the troops bobbed up and down in the waist-high grass as answering fire came back at them. A short, skinny GI dashed out from a ditch and scooted across the road near the wooded ridge, his helmet joggling on his head. A burst of automatic fire crackled and bullets hit the road at his heels. He dived head first into a ditch on the far side of the road.

Now the infantry pulled back as our artillery blasted the wooded area. A sweating little GI passed lugging a harness full of mortar ammo and looking like one of the seven dwarfs that had been out all night. His fatigue jacket was black with sweat and he was mud up to his hip pockets. "Up and back, up and back. Why the hell don't they make up their minds?" he muttered. Another GI slogged past, carrying the recoil mechanism of a 37-mm antitank gun. Somebody asked him how it was going. "Stinks," he said. He set down the piece, bummed a light, lit a cigarette and said: "The guy who invented this weapon ought to get his butt kicked. Lugging this 72-pound piece of junk makes my ears ache."

He took off his helmet and ran the back of his hand across his face. "Why, I've carried that damned thing all over the States, lugged it all over the Island of Guam and now I got to carry the bastard all over the Philippines." He made a vague motion in the air with his hands. "If a tank ever does come at us, we might just as well wring our hands and scream as fire at it with this BB gun. We taken it apart and set it up so many times it's all wore out."

The clearing station, 500 yards behind the lines, was set in an acre of mud beside the road. There were small trees around, and occasional bursts of fire would bend the leaves and twigs overhead. There was the feel of rain in the air, and the small grove was a welter of bloody litters, blankets, A-packs, plasma, B-packs, dressings, bandages, S-packs and instruments.

A Jap truck with a couple of large white misshapen American stars painted on the sides rolled up from the rear. They were using the truck to evacuate wounded; there were eight men going this trip, four walking and four stretcher cases.

As the truck pulled out, a company-aid man was brought in suffering from battle fatigue. His denims were several sizes too large, making him look very tiny. His hands were shaking badly. "I feel okay," he kept saying. "I feel okay, but I can't stop trembling. What the hell is the matter with me?" He looked as though he were going to cry. The other medics tried to comfort him, but it didn't do any good.

THEN they brought in a GI who was in shock. He had a large dressing wrapped around his middle, with the pad in back of him slowly soaking up a pool of blood. He was a good-looking kid with white, even teeth, and he kept pulling up his knees until they almost touched his chin and then shoving them down and out with a small moan. They put his litter down and the medics went right to work, trying to give him plasma. While they tried to find the vein in his arm he kept inching himself off the stretcher, pulling to get away from the pain. He raised up like a sleepwalker and turned to the doctor and said, "I'm okay. Really, I'm okay."

"Sure you are, fella," the doctor said, his hands busy with the blood-soaked fatigues the man was still wearing. A medic cut them away. There was a hole in the man's back about the size of a quarter, not large but with a lot of blood around it. The doctor put a large dressing over the wound. While a medic tied it on, he shot a tube of morphine into the man's shoulder, the needle going in deep and the doctor's fingers gently working the drug out. The man slowly writhed again, pulling himself up and off the stretcher so that his forehead lay in the mud, his head hanging forward between the litter handles. A medic picked up his head and wiped the man's face carefully, then left a pad for it to lie on. A medic at the man's head suddenly said, "Doc, he's stopped breathing."

There was a quick change of positions and a heavy-set, grim-faced sergeant with huge, square hands began to give artificial respiration. Soon the man began to breathe again. "Keep it up," the doctor said. "Just enough to help him." The doctor asked for a cardiac injection; one of the medics brought the needle, and some coramine was shot into the man's chest. Then the doctor sat back on his ankles, his knees pressing into the mud beside the stretcher, the stethoscope at his ears, listening to the man's heart. Finally he sat back and said: "Well, his worries are over." The doctor looked very tired.

The sergeant who had been giving the artificial respiration stood up and walked away, shaking his head. "That's the first one we've lost," he said. "The first one."

On the road beside the clearing station, the doughfeet still moved up. The day still felt hot and humid, the clouds hanging low and gray over the fields.

Two days later the 77th took Ormoc.

This Week's Cover

SCENIC beauty and constant danger went hand-in-hand for GI volunteers who scaled an Alaska peak near Mount McKinley to recover the bodies of 19 men killed in a C-47 crash. More pictures of what the expedition members went through in reaching the wreckage are on pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—USAAF. 4 & 5—PA. 6—Sgt. Bill Alcine. 8 & 9—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 10—Signal Corps. 12 & 13—USAAF. 18—Upper, Tonopah AAF, Nev.; lower, DeRidder AAB, La. 19—Upper left, Signal Corps, POE, New York City; upper right, Signal Corps, Camp Shanks, N. Y.; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, AAF. 20—MGM. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

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The Jap Soldier

He's a tough, well-trained and dangerous foe who thinks little of human life, even his own, in fighting for his divine Emperor.

THE average Japanese soldier is an ignorant peasant and a bandy-legged runt of a weakling who is no match at all physically or mentally for an American soldier. That's what Americans believe who haven't had anything to do with Japanese soldiers.

Americans who have fought them know better.

The Office of War Information has issued an exhaustive report on the Japanese soldier and the Japanese Army, based on information from War Department and other official sources, and designed to correct these commonly held misconceptions about the enemy.

According to the OWI, the average Jap soldier is 5 feet 3 inches and weighs 117½ pounds. The average American soldier is 5 inches taller and weighs 145 pounds, but that doesn't mean the Jap is a push-over. He has great strength and endurance. Jap patrols have been known to start out at midnight and make a point 60 miles away by next afternoon, marching steadily without a break, and an entire battalion can march more than 20 miles a day.

Jap rookies get most of their training in operational areas and sometimes they are sent into combat areas in China for training. They do garrison duty there and sometimes actually fight.

The Jap soldier starts his day at 0530. Twenty minutes later he appears for roll call and then he gets an hour to police his quarters and do other chores. He eats breakfast at 0730, lunch at 1210 and dinner at 1730. The entire day is spent drilling and studying and there are very few breaks. (When a Jap soldier relaxes, he is apt to engage in a little bayonet practice.) At 1700 hours he begins to study the lessons for the next day, and the study period lasts until 2130, with a 10-minute break at 2000 hours. Lights-out is at 2200.

As for the commonly held belief that the average Jap is an illiterate dope, the OWI says that's all wrong, too; 99.6 percent of the total population can read or write—better than we can say for the U. S.—and the average Jap soldier has had at least two years in high school, which is also the average for the American GI. Between 40 and 50 percent of the Jap soldiers have studied English, and something like 20 to 25 percent can speak it fairly well.

This knowledge of English has caused the death of too many Americans. Japs try to lure Yanks into giving away their positions by calling out in English. Sometimes they memorize names they overhear Americans using and later call out to them in English, shooting when the person addressed shows himself.

American cartoons that show Japs saying "So solly" are the bunk, the OWI says, because most Japs can't pronounce "L" while they can say "R." The Jap will say "Rorraparooza" for "Lollapalooza," assuming he feels like saying "Lollapalooza" at all. It's the Chinese who usually have trouble with "R."

The belief that the Japs never invent anything but only copy inventions of other people is another American fallacy. The story of the Japs stealing blueprints of a battleship from the British (who had carefully phonied up the plans in advance), then following them and building a ship that sank as soon as it was launched, is ridiculous. The Japs are just as inventive as anyone else. They are limited in their development of new weapons only by a lack of highly skilled technicians and machine power.

The OWI says that in fighting ability, endurance and all other departments except one, the Jap soldiers are just about our equals. Their one fault is a lack of individual initiative. Once they adopt a plan, they stick to it through hell or high water, whether sticking turns out to be smart or not. Other soldiers will change the course of their plans if it appears that changes will be more effective, but not the Japanese. When an officer is killed his entire unit loses its effectiveness unless an officer of equal rank comes to take his place.

JAPAN has had universal conscription since before the war. As in other fascist countries, Jap boys begin their military training in childhood. At the age of 8 they get at least two hours of military drill a week; between their 14th and 15th years they are rated as youth soldiers, and when they come of age they win the rank of superior private. They are later made lance corporals—something like our pfcs—and become corporals after graduating from school.

In peacetime all able-bodied males had to serve two years with the Army sometime between their 17th and 40th years. Now highly skilled technicians, and skilled workers in airplane plants, arsenals and munitions plants, are exempted from military duty.

The strict caste system in Japan undoubtedly produces more chicken in relations between officers and men than in any other Army in the world, but there is opportunity for promotion from the ranks. There are specialists' schools in aviation, communications, the tank corps, artillery and ordnance.

Officers above the rank of captain are generally graduates of the Military Academy. Candidates are selected from a number of preparatory military schools where a three-year course is given. Noncoms under 25, privates under 22 and other candidates between 16 and 18 who have proper physical and educational requirements may also attend the Academy.

Besides the lance corporal, the Japs have another major difference in the rank system—they have no equivalent to our brigadier general, though they have the other grades of general officers. The title of field marshal is simply an honorary rank awarded by the emperor.

Jap soldiers have received pay increases ranging from 80 to 100 percent to keep pace with a rising cost of living. Even so, a Jap full general gets the equivalent of only $126.50 a month; a master sergeant in our Army gets $138 a month. A Jap dogface, who is called a second-class private, makes $1.38 a month. These differences, though, are not so great as they seem since the cost of living is a lot lower in Japan.

There are several types of rations in the Jap Army. The standard, or normal, field ration weighs about 4⅛ pounds and consists mostly of rice and barley, fresh meat and fish, fresh vegetables and seasonings and flavorings. The special field ration weighs 3 pounds and is mostly rice and dried, canned or pickled foods. This is the type generally issued in combat.

The Japanese mess kit is of the same type as that carried by the Russians, Germans and Italians. It has under the cover an aluminum container with one or two tray-like dishes. Where the climate is not hot, food for several meals is generally cooked at the same time and is carried ready to eat in the mess kit.

A Jap soldier may carry one of several types of packs. The one now in general use is a sack about 13 inches square and 5 inches deep. It generally holds extra shoes, a shelter half with poles and pins, extra socks, a towel, soap, toilet articles, a sewing kit, first-aid dressings, an extra breech clout and several days' rations. A blanket or overcoat is rolled around the pack in a horseshoe shape, a raincoat or shelter half goes across the coat and the mess kit is strapped to the back of the whole thing.

The Jap medical field kits contain a variety of drugs that have to be injected. Patent medicines and standard drugs such as quinine, iodine and aspirin are used a great deal, and the Japs are using increasing amounts of substitutes for quinine. The Japs are great believers in vitamins, and they have powders and tablets and even vitamin solutions for injections.

THE OWI says that the Japs are hard fighters and dangerous because they place a low value on human life, particularly their own. They have two great incentives to risk their lives: *1)* the belief, taught from infancy, that their Emperor is divine and that the greatest glory of a Jap is to die for the Emperor; *2)* the fear, encouraged by their officers, that if they surrender, they will be tortured and killed. A maxim among the Japs is that "Duty is weightier than a mountain; death is lighter than a feather." One of the important points of Jap propaganda is that all Orientals are enslaved and exploited by the white races.

The Jap soldier's loyalty to his Emperor conditions his whole attitude toward war. Anything done in the interest of the Emperor is fair, so the Jap is not even mildly apologetic about such tricks as booby-trapping corpses, firing on aidmen, planting a body covered by an automatic weapon and then mowing down troops who try to remove the body, or making use of the white flag of truce to get close to the enemy for combat purposes. A Jap will try any dodge, if he thinks there's a chance of getting away with it.

According to the OWI report, *hara-kiri* is in no way a sign of cowardice. It is an ugly and painful death, but it is, to the Japanese mind, a symbol to the all-important Emperor that the soldier has done his best.

Since 1937, about 850,000 Japs have been killed. That leaves about four million more Japs in the Army, with half that number in China. About 250,000 Japs are cut off on island pockets and are more or less out of the fight. The War Department says that the Japs can train and equip another two million men without crippling their manpower employed in war production. Of the dead Japs, American soldiers have accounted for at least 277,000.

We'll have to kill a lot more before it's over.

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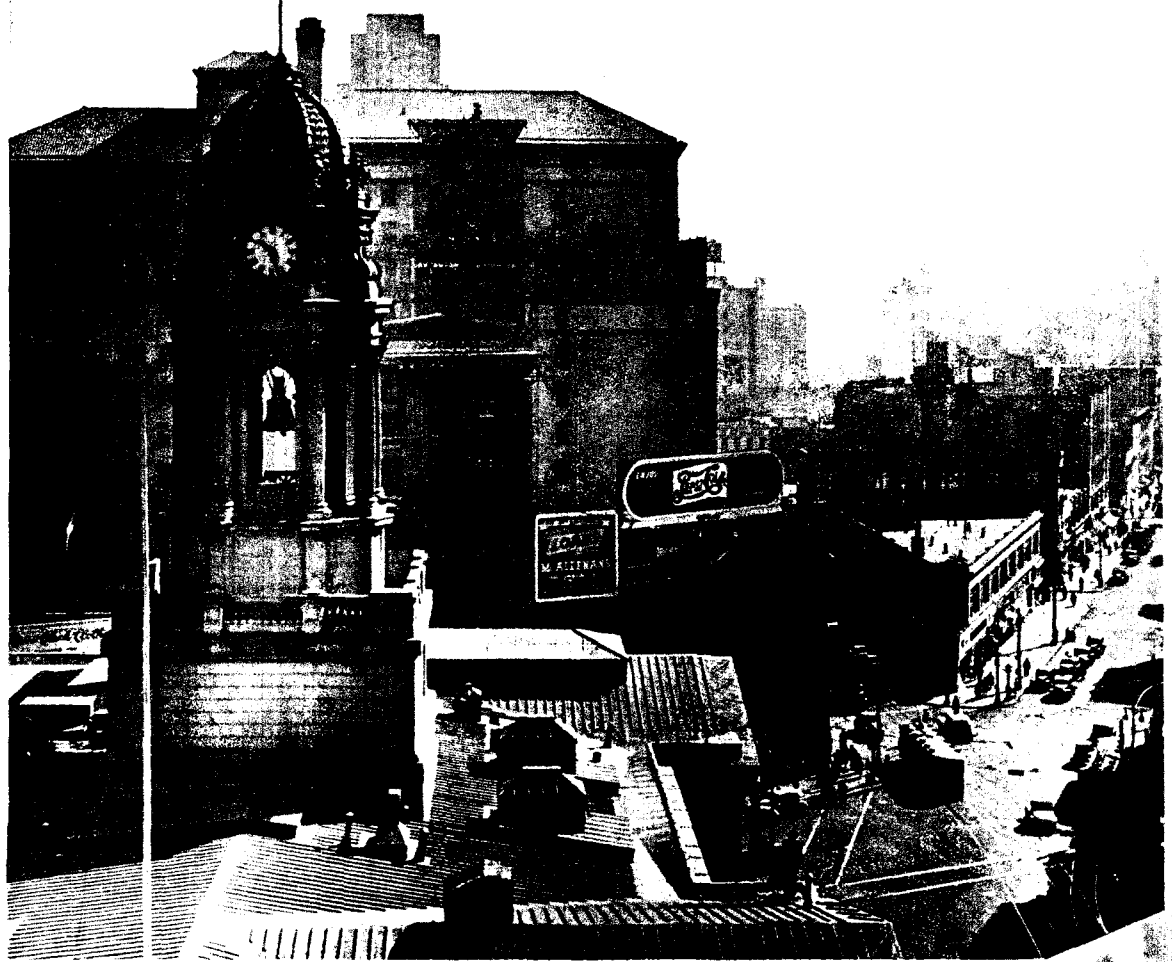
Borough Hall looks the same. But people can't get used to Fulton Street (right) naked without its El.



HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

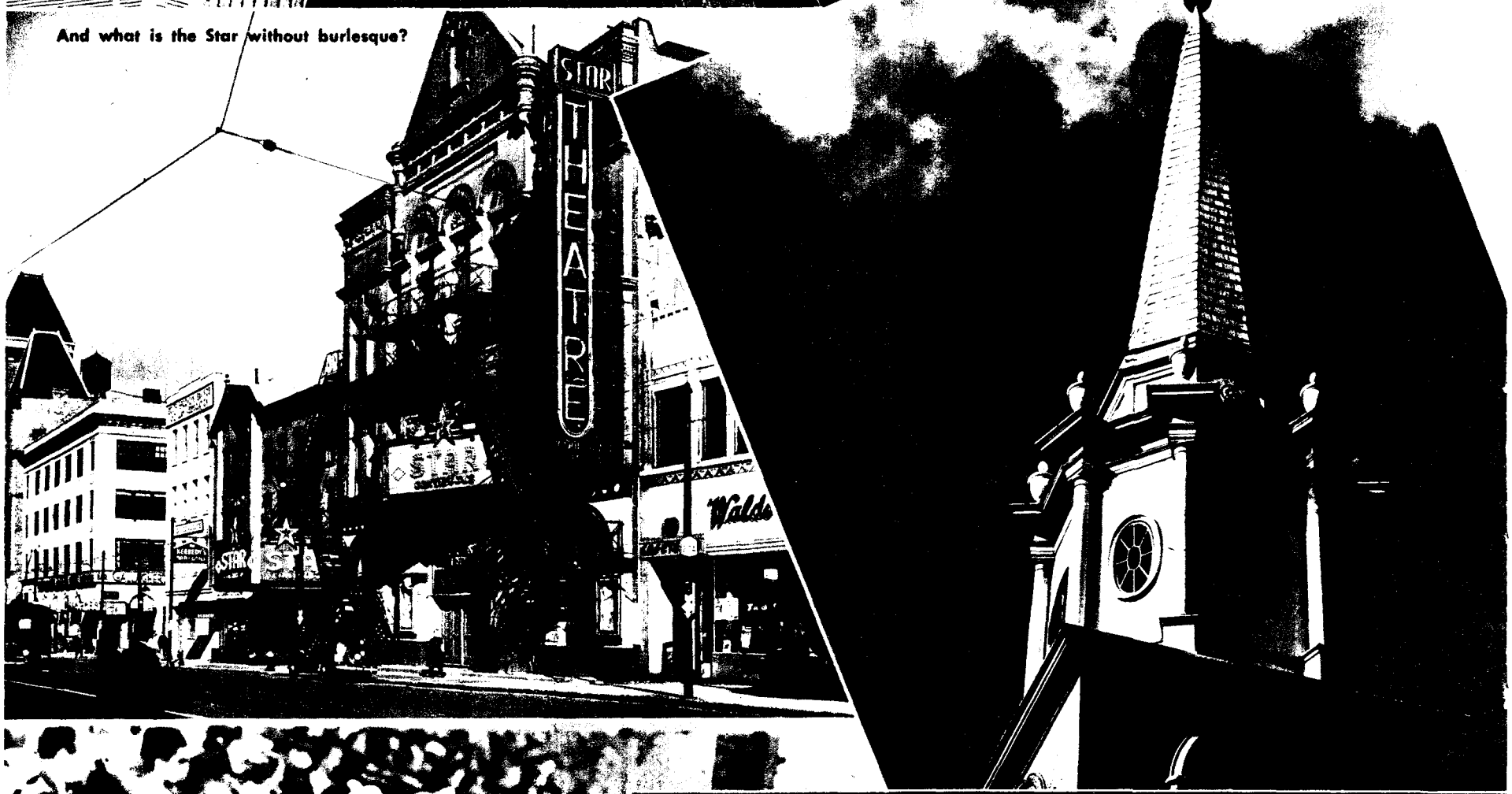
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Not long ago a large number of bitter complaints poured into the New York City Health Department, the Department of Parks, the Department of Sanitation, and several other city bureaus, about a terrible plague that was being visited upon the citizenry. It seems that some kind of vicious beast was attacking people by leaping on them from trees and biting them and goring them with two sets of horns. Strangely, all the complaints came from Brooklyn, and a very small part of Brooklyn at that. What investigators found was that some trees in the Bensonhurst section were infested with a spiny caterpillar that is apt to cause a rash when it comes into contact with human flesh.

A short time later a subway train prosaically started out from Brooklyn, bound for the West Side of Manhattan, but to the amazement of the motorman and several hundred bewildered

And what is the Star without burlesque?



So let's go out and root for the Dodgers.

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passengers, wound up way over on Manhattan's East Side after following a route that still has to be charted or satisfactorily explained.

Brooklynites recently were enraged almost to speechlessness—but not quite—when Noel Coward, a sort of British playwright, unfavorably compared the fortitude of soldiers from Brooklyn with that of soldiers from Texas and Arizona. At Salerno, Mr. Coward said, he had seen Brooklyn soldiers weeping because they had been hospitalized with such trifling disabilities as bullet wounds and broken legs. For once, to the acute embarrassment of Mr. Coward, Brooklyn's indignation was shared not only by the continental U. S. but even by Manhattan.

And, at the close of the baseball season, the Brooklyn Dodgers were 42 games behind.

FROM the foregoing, Brooklynites who have been away from home for a long time can see that the spirit of Brooklyn hasn't changed. Not in any of the essentials. The Brooklyn mood, say students of the subject, would go on despite fire, flood, famine and pestilence. A little global war hasn't even made a dent in it.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* and other newspapers in the borough over the river from Manhattan are still getting letters from indignant Brooklynites who say it was a great mistake for Brooklyn to have become part of New York City in 1898. Some of them say that Brooklyn will never receive its just recognition until it secedes from New York City or changes its name.

Not long ago, Park Commissioner Robert Moses did a restoration job on Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive in Manhattan and decided that a statue of the Civil War general on a horse was needed to make the memorial complete. He looked around and found just what he had in mind in Grant Circle, Brooklyn, near the Public Library. He duly asked permission to move the statue to Manhattan. There were screams of rage in the Borough of Homes and Churches, where the forsythia, for some reason or other, is the official flower. "Why the hell," said Brooklyn with one raucous voice, "should we give Manhattan anything? Let them move Grant's Tomb over here." The park commissioner, usually a dauntless man, retired in confusion.

Although the spiritual quality of Brooklyn remains the same, physical changes have nevertheless been made. The city fathers of the borough and its business leaders have great things in store for *apres la guerre*. The entire downtown shopping center is to be reconstructed and made into a flossy Civic Center, with grassy parkways and beautiful public buildings done in the classic Brooklyn style. A start toward this dream has already been made. The Myrtle Avenue El doesn't go over the Brooklyn Bridge to Park Row in Manhattan any more. The entire section of the El leading from the bridge to Myrtle and Jay Street has been torn down. All the steel and iron in the structure went into war production, and Brooklyn is justly proud of this fact. "The Els that were torn down in Manhattan all went to the Japs," says Brooklyn, "but the only El that was torn down in Brooklyn is being turned into bullets for our boys to shoot at them."

The good citizens of Brooklyn, who have long been enraged because the world thinks that the only industry they have is the Brooklyn Dodgers, are more intense than ever, now that the borough has been making war on the Axis for more than three years. Brooklynites who are making such varied materials for war as surgical sutures and battleships number more than the entire populations of such cities as Topeka, Kans., and New Haven, Conn. In the Navy Yard alone some 68,000 persons were employed at last report.

Here are some other war statistics that the aggressive citizens of Brooklyn throw at you if you give them less than half a chance:

Forty-five percent of the war plants in the borough have been awarded the Army and Navy "E" or the Maritime Service "M."

About half the penicillin produced in the country is made at the Chas. Pfizer & Company plant on Bartlett Street, Brooklyn.

And Borough President John Cashmore, with a chest as proudly inflated as any sweater girl's, points out that more than 280,000 Brooklyn men and women are in the armed forces, and says without any apparent fear of successful contradiction that that's more soldiers and sailors and marines than any of 39 entire states have given to the war.

Most any hour of the day or night there are a lot of uniforms in view, not only on native Brooklynites home on leave but also on a lot of service people passing through on their way to do a job on the Germans. Of course, most of the strangers in service head first for Times Square, but the next thing most Americans want to see when they hit New York for the first time—at least in summer—is Coney Island. And guess where that is.

"THE YILAND" in 1944 had the busiest season in its history, and the way to the ocean from the beach was just as hard to find as ever. There was a big fire at Luna Park, and about one-third of the amusement center was burned out. That didn't close the place down, though. The burned area became one of the big attractions of the place, and the owners announced plans for its reconstruction as a bigger and better Luna Park.

It was never very hard for enterprising young fellows to make new friends at Coney Island and, since Brooklyn decided long ago that nothing is too good for a serviceman, only a dope need be without the companionship of the other sex. The dim-out didn't hurt business at Coney Island. It was really dark there, and what with the benches all along the boardwalk, a fellow and his girl didn't have to get sand in their shoes.

In behalf of their joes who have been called to a higher duty, many Brooklyn girls have gone into war work and some have become junior hostesses at the numerous canteens in the borough —or else, like a group of Flatbush girls who call themselves the GAMS, organized their own canteen. GAMS, these girls earnestly explain, stands for Girls' American Morale Service. Incidentally, it also means girls' legs. And what, they ask with modest pride, are a bigger morale builder?

But if you left a girl behind you when you marched off to Camp Upton and subsequent points east, west, north or south, you can be pretty sure that she's still there waiting for you because there's hardly a marriagable native male left in Brooklyn, and you know what chance a guy from the Bronx has of grabbing her off, because you know what a Brooklyn girl thinks of a guy from the Bronx. She thinks he stinks.

FOR some time now, the strange little men who had answers to all the problems of the world and who came every noon to spout their ideas from the steps of Borough Hall have disappeared. The only meetings held on the steps nowadays have something to do with the war, like War Bond Drive meetings and Blood Donor meetings. (In a stretch of 14 months Brooklynites bought more than a billion dollars' worth of bonds and gave more than a quarter of a million pints of blood.)

The old men still come around to Borough Hall to play checkers on the steps and sit in the sun, and the kibitzers still crowd around them. And Old Bill Pierce still rings the Borough Hall bell every noon, and the "Angelus Club," whose members are the politicians and businessmen in the neighborhood, still rise and stretch during the 40 seconds it takes him to ring the bell 12 times.

Bill Pierce says someone accused him of ringing the bell 16 times one day last March, but he says it's a damn lie. He says he rang it 17 times, and it was on the 17th, for St. Pat, and if anybody didn't like it they could go take a flying leap for themselves. And he says that when the peace comes he'll ring that old bell "till me arm falls off."

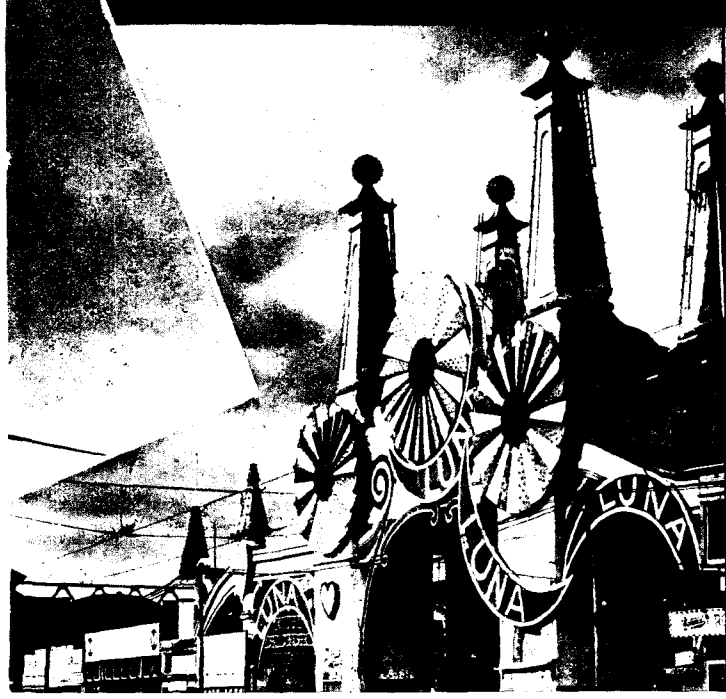
Brooklyn for the most part is still a 9-o'clock town, but there's plenty of gayety well after that hour in the downtown section and, of course, at Coney. They're still selling double shots of the few well-known brands of liquor left, and that's still a better buy than drinking them single.

The controversy that raged for a while about whether girls should be served at the bar has quieted down. Most places will serve the young dears at the bar if they're with a guy, but some of the neighborhood bars that stick to the old tradition, like Vogel's at Third Avenue and 68th Street in Bay Ridge, won't serve a woman a drink at the bar even if she has an escort when she comes in. If a dame wants a shot at Vogel's, she has to come in through the family entrance and sit down at a table like a lady, and she better not be loud about it either or she'll get trun out on her, let us say, ear.

For a long time the only burlesque houses open in New York were in Brooklyn, and all the art lovers in New York City used to make pilgrimages here. But some time ago Mayor LaGuardia looked over and saw what was going on, and he shut the Brooklyn burlesque houses down, too. That added fuel to the argument about secession.

There's a shipyard once more at the foot of Calyer Street, where the *Monitor*, the first of the ironclad ships, was built during the Civil War. That's a change in the Brooklyn you left behind. But don't be too unhappy about how different Brooklyn is—the Gowanus Canal still stinks and so does Newtown Creek.

Despite the fire, Luna Park in Coney Island will be opened next year—bigger and better than you ever saw it before.



On Thanksgiving Day the kids still dress up in grown-ups' clothes and beg: "Mister, anything for Thanksgiving, Mister?"

Yes sir! In Brooklyn a man can get the news without it costing him a penny.

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Dockwallopers, rail battalions and truck jockeys in the Persian Gulf Command have hefted almost 4½ million tons of vital Lend-Lease supplies to Russia, despite tough roads and killing heat.

HEADQUARTERS, PERSIAN GULF COMMAND—Since December 1942 when GI longshoremen, railroaders, truck drivers, engineers and a horde of other technicians skidded off their transports into the gooey gumbo mud of the Port of Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, this command has toted more than 4,380,000 tons of essential supplies to our fighting allies in the U. S. S. R. This figure and other statistics on the PGC have been made public by Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly, the CG, in a recent War Department report.

When American soldiers arrived, the monthly capacity of the two chief Gulf ports of Khorramshahr and Bandar Shahpur was only 95,000 tons. It took more than 50 days to unload a Liberty ship and get it moving back on the long voyage home. Engineers took over the job of extending existing jetties. They worked in heat that hit 170 degrees and better in the sun, but sun or no sun, and winter rains and mud notwithstanding, they kept on the job.

While the engineers worked to extend the docks, longshoremen worked beside them unloading the incoming ships, keeping the cargo moving. First white battalions, then Negro outfits tackled the job of emptying the holds of Lend-Lease material for our Soviet ally. The heat cramped this job, too, and metal was so hot to the touch that men moving it wore heavy gloves. Still the longshoremen managed to break existing dock records and went on to break the records they had set themselves.

By October 1944 the capacity of the twin ports had been increased to 265,000 tons, almost three times the output when the Yanks arrived.

The railway troops, mostly old railway men from famous U. S. roads like the Pennsylvania, B & O, Union Pacific and Santa Fe, started their operation on a single-track line. Built mostly by the abdicated Shah of Iran, the road ran through desert and mountains. It had 133 tunnels in 163 miles, and the heat in the tunnels in summer with ancient British WD coal-burning locomotives was just a trifle less than suffocating.

The railway men were handicapped by lack of tools—the GI tools were delayed en route—and they had to dig down to the bottom of their barracks bags for old favorite tools of their own and make new ones by expediency methods in Persian railway shops before they could even assemble the shiny new Diesel engines that had been shipped from the U. S. They got their Diesels put together and rolling, and railway tonnage rocketed.

In 1942, before the arrival of the GI hoggers, the road carried 165,555 tons. In 1943, while the road and its equipment were still undergoing reconversion and repair by the Yanks, the figure jumped to 894,767 tons. In the first 10 months of 1944, an all-time record of 1,344,151 tons rolled from the Gulf north to Russia. This record means that the command moved each month in 1944, close to the total tonnage for all of 1942.

The highway from Khorramshahr to Kasvin, where supplies were turned over to Red Army drivers for the final lap to Russia, was mostly an ill-defined camel trail through the desert and an unsurfaced, unfinished road partially hacked out of the mountains. In the desert section, GI truck drivers choked on fog-thick dust. In the mountains they wound around hairpin turns that dropped off into sheer cliffsides. There were traffic hazards all the way, including nomad caravans complete with donkeys, goats, sheep and horses along the route, and occasional native drivers heavy on the accelerator.

In spite of these hazards American drivers put in more than 97 million miles of driving over the Khorramshahr to Kasvin stretch and delivered 260,382,080 ton-miles of supplies to the Russian dump at Kasvin, in the Elburz Mountain foothills.

U. S. Engineer troops, who improved the road and kept it in usable condition, made that record possible. The engineers took over the road-construction job in the desert from a civilian company which, using a sandstone base material that had to be hauled from miles away, estimated it would take a year to complete the job.

The Army road builders developed a new type of soil-asphalt base that could be mixed on the spot. They used native labor, with GIs acting as "coolie pushers." They finished the desert section in five months and kept up the work of improving the rest of the route until, by June 1943, the whole road was able to bear its full burden of truck traffic. All this was done in the face of spring rains that often washed away in one night the engineers' efforts of painful weeks.

Two relatively unpublicized phases of the PGC were its airplane- and automobile-assembly plants. The former, set up by U. S. Army and Douglas Aircraft men in February 1942, before the PGC even existed, turned out planes at Abadan, an airport on the Persian Gulf, for the Red Air Force.

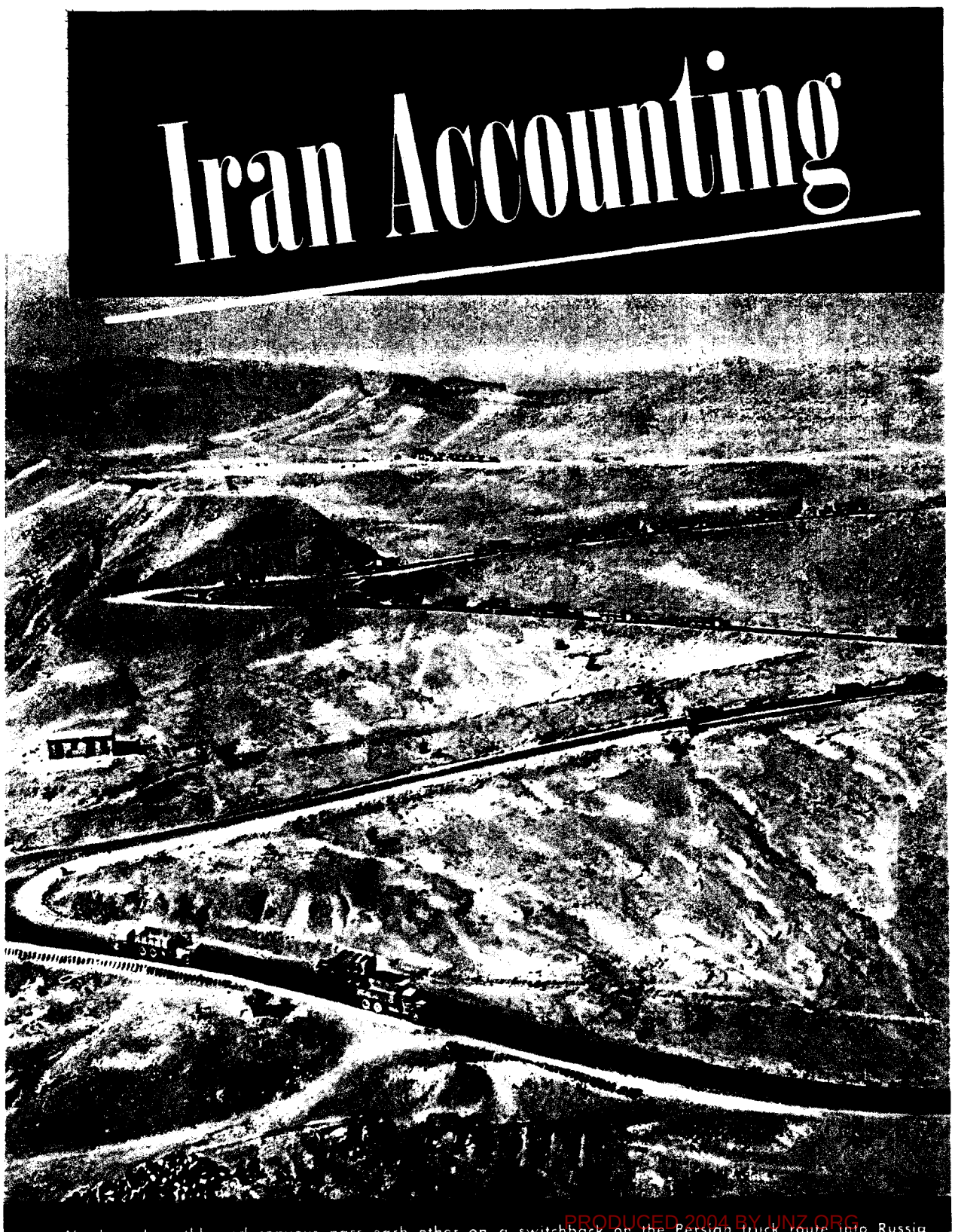
Army men gradually replaced Douglas personnel at this plant which, from February 1942 to October 1943, assembled or checked a total of 35,703 tons of operational planes. These planes, 3,087 of them, were tested by U. S. and U. S. S. R. pilots and then were flown out by Red Air Force men. Some of them, in the early days of the plant, went into combat over Stalingrad less than 24 hours after they left the Persian Gulf assembly plant. They helped substantially to turn back the German tide.

There were two truck-assembly plants—one at Andimeshk, a war-swollen boom town in the desert district, and the other at Khorramshahr. They had been begun by the General Motors Overseas Corporation in the spring and summer of 1942 and, like the plane plant, they were gradually taken over by the Army as the PGC moved in. At both points, trucks were assembled, loaded and turned over to the Red Army, whose drivers took them from the assembly lines and headed north. After a final check-up at the hands of GI ordnancemen at Teheran—some of these inspectors had come over before the command was organized and worked with Russian drivers as far north as Tabriz—the Russian drivers drove trucks and loads directly to battle lines in the Caucasus.

These American trucks, assembled by GIs and driven by Russkis, accounted for 915,669 gross tons of vehicles and supplies. A total of 143,000 vehicles of all kinds—from jeeps to fire engines—moved from Detroit to southern Iran to Russian combat zones.

Maj. Gen. Connolly's figures give an up-to-date estimate of the job done by his command. As figures on paper, they are impressive. In terms of work done under adverse condition in a killing climate, often without proper equipment, sometimes hampered by lack of man power, they are damn near incredible.

Iran Accounting



North and southbound convoys pass each other on a switchback on the Persian truck route into Russia

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Lone-Wolf Mission

One of the first night-bombing heavies to fly solo from Italy over Germany loses three of its engines and crashes in the sea.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Water swept into the ditched B-17 against the men in the radio compartment.

ITALY—The four Fifteenth Air Force B-17 crews stood in the large stone room with the secret maps, listening to the intelligence major.

"Your target will be the Blechhammer South Oil Refinery in Germany," the major said.

Nobody moved for a minute, then someone in the back of the room sighed and a pilot sucked in his breath.

"Son of a bitch," he said.

"Your call sign is Lonesome," said the major.

The sign was appropriate. We were to fly this night as lone wolves without fighter protection. If we succeeded, it meant that American heavy bombers would no longer have to remain grounded, as they did last winter when weather made formation flying under escort impossible. The four Fortresses from our group were to take off at close intervals, and bombers from other groups were to fly at the same time to the same target. The bombers, each flying over a different route and at a different altitude and speed, would come in over Blechhammer one after the other. Our mission was to end the bogey of bad weather.

"This is the fourth night we have bombed the target this way," the major said. "On other nights the crews have been instructed to return to base without dropping their bombs if they could get no cloud cover over the target.

"Your planes are fitted with delayed-action 500-pounders, so you cannot land with them. Therefore you will bomb regardless of cloud cover. That is, you will bomb visually or, if necessary, by instrument. But you will bomb.

"There is a probability that 25 two-engine night fighters—ME-210s—will attack you. Make careful observations. It will help later crews."

The major stepped aside and another intelligence officer took his place. "This is where you can expect flak," he announced. He took a piece of paper, a kind of bombers' Baedeker, from his pocket and read tonelessly: "Sixteen heavy guns at *Blank*, 25 miles west of course; 163 guns at *Blank*; 310 heavies at *Blank*." His voice droned in the large room without emotion, reading the list of where death could be met and evaded.

The briefing went on for two hours. Then we walked out on the dark field. We dressed heavily, putting on all the paraphernalia to compensate for cold and lack of oxygen and flying shrapnel. I was to go as left waist gunner, relieving S/Sgt. David W. Dykes of Cochrane, Ga.

We took off on schedule and turned upward in the night sky. In rapid sequence each gun aboard the plane was fired to clear for action, spurting flames like acetylene torches. We were ordered to black out immediately. A blue light over the belly gunner's turret vaguely lit the narrow waist. Somewhere a bell tinkled faintly as the pilot checked the signal for abandon ship.

We climbed very high and the cold came quickly. My hand brushed the waist armor; it burned like dry ice. Most of the time the blackness was like flying in a box, but once the undercast broke for a moment and the lights of a town polka-dotted the darkness and then vanished. The oxygen flow fouled briefly and the tail gunner, T/Sgt. Ted Scott of Marlboro, Mass., called over the interphone that he was seeing things; but he switched to pure oxygen for a while and reported back, "All right." Once some searchlights probed to our left, but they couldn't get through the overcast and blinked out. Once I looked down and saw the flash of artillery fire. I pointed it out to the right waist gunner, S/Sgt. James F. Goodrich of Royal Center, Ind.

"It's the Russians," he said.

The flight went on. I got sleepy. Then the voice of Scott, the tail gunner, came over the interphone: "*Beaucoup* flak." Goodrich and I pulled on our flak suits, letting them drag from one shoulder to blanket the side of our bodies not protected by the armor plate.

The flak was heavy now. There were some lights below us, shining through the thinning undercast, and I figured that was Blechhammer. Then the bombardier announced the bombsight was no good—covered over with ice from the 68-below-zero cold despite a special heated cover. The bombardier, Lt. Raymond E. Tuwalski of Cleveland, Ohio, called to the radar operator, Lt. Byron S. Martin of Pasadena, Calif., and directed him to target on a course line. Martin took over and sighted for range on his radar, which is now so sensitive that ground features are roughly reproduced through the worst interference.

We started the run. The flak was heavy but seemed far away. "There they go," somebody said over the phones. The bombs were followed by 4,500 news leaflets, and the sky filled with paper like snowflakes. We turned from the target. It looked as though the mission had been a success. "Eight in the target area," somebody said.

Then the No. 3 engine died. The co-pilot, Lt. Robert D. Draper of Cassopolis, Mich., and the engineer, T/Sgt. James F. Miller of Warsaw, N. C., tried to help the pilot feather it, but the engine froze too quickly. Then the prop sheared off by itself and windmilled down and out of sight. Sighs of relief came over the intercom. The lights of Blechhammer were gone and the undercast was back, shielding us.

Then the No. 2 engine flamed in brilliant streaks and blew three cylinder heads.

The gyro instruments suddenly went out and the radar quit cold from lack of juice. "Switch off your electric suits," the navigator, Lt. "Ack-Ack" Worth of Aberdeen, Idaho, said. "I need the juice for my instruments."

"How far are we from base?" asked the pilot, Lt. Isaac C. Pederson of Oakland, Calif.

"About 600 miles," Worth said.

"That's TS," the radio operator put in. He was T/Sgt. Carmine S. Noce of Solvoy, N. Y.

The ship was losing altitude fast. In four minutes we were down from 23,000 to 20,000 feet.

"Get ready to bail out," the pilot called. "Spring the hatch."

The emergency catch was pulled on the door and it catapulted out. I snapped my parachute on the harness and yanked at the crotch to make sure it would be snug when I jumped. I took off my glasses and slipped them into a knee pocket.

"How about throwing some of the heavy stuff over?" the pilot said.

Scott came forward from the tail and we began to throw out the gun belts. The right waist gun was cleared first and 97 pounds of shells clicked across the jamb and snaked earthward. The other belt followed, and then our flak vests and anything we could move.

"Eight thousand feet," the co-pilot called.

"She's taking hold," the pilot said. "Losing only 300 feet a minute now."

No one said anything for a while.

"What about those Yugoslav mountains?" the pilot asked. "Think we can clear them?"

"If we can hold up," Worth said. "They should be about 6,000."

"I'm going to play a long shot and try for the emergency landing strip on that Adriatic island," the pilot said.

Minutes passed. The plane seemed to be holding its own now. The navigator cut course a shade and we flew along a canyon.

"We're over the strip," the navigator said.

I relaxed and looked across at Scott and smiled, and then the navigator added: "She's covered over with thunderheads. Visibility zero. Ceiling zero." The radar, useless without electricity, couldn't penetrate the undercast. "Guess we can't make it." It was still dark; we were still dropping, and there were 100 miles of Adriatic ahead.

The pilot said: "I say stick with the ship."

The co-pilot said: "I say stick, too."

"Check with me."

"I stay."

One after another, in tones that were almost conversational, the crew voted to remain. At 4,000 we leveled off. There was a pale strip of dawn ahead of us. It was still undercast, but every once in a while I could see water below. We started to go down again. At 2,000 the radio operator began sending the distress signal, "Mayday." In the distance I could see the Italian coast.

Then the No. 1 engine ran out of gas and sputtered and died.

"Here we go," Scott said.

The ship began to fall sharply. "We've got to ditch," the pilot called. "Get braced. You men in the waist and tail pile into the radio compartment." We snapped off our chutes and went forward.

THE Fortress hit, cracking the surface of the water evenly. Time suspended a second. We saw the water burst in and almost simultaneously sweep against us in the radio room. I gasped and struck out, and the water lifted me neatly out through the radio hatch and into the drink.

I scrambled back onto the fuselage. The others were already out. Two dinghies were floating in the water. Everything seemed very confused. Then I was in one of the dinghies, and the plane was foundering slowly in the water behind us. In the distance we could see an Italian fishing boat coming after us.

The fishing boat picked us up and took us into port, where there was an ambulance waiting. When we got there we were told that two of the four planes in our group had not returned, but the other planes that had gone out from other groups that night had proved that night bombing could be successful during the winter.

No one talked much after we heard the news about the other two planes, but when we were piling into the ambulance the co-pilot looked at his watch and said: "Those bombs we dropped are just blowing up now."

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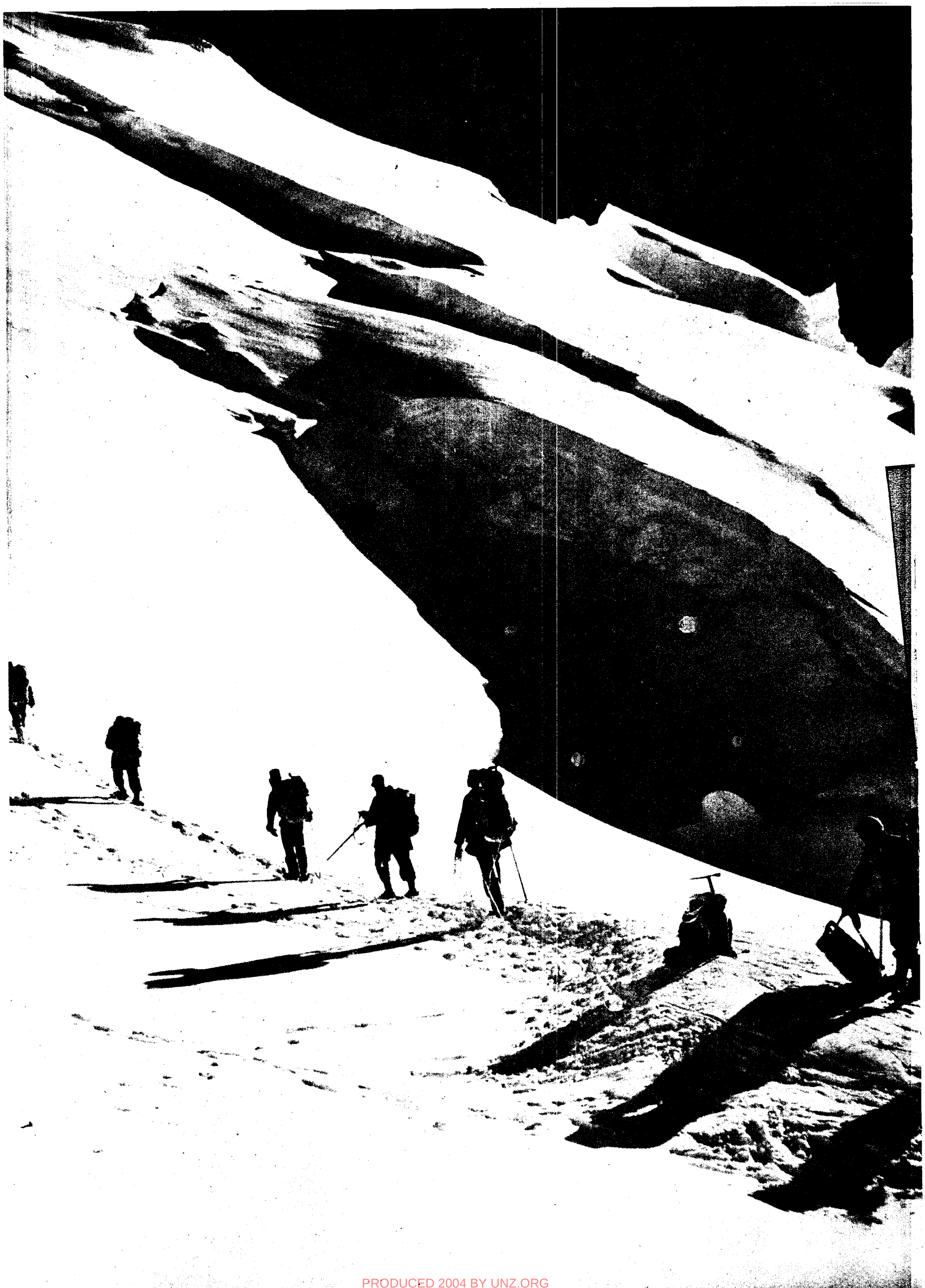

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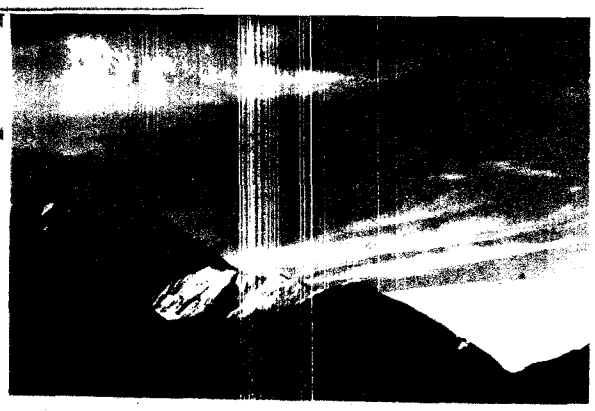
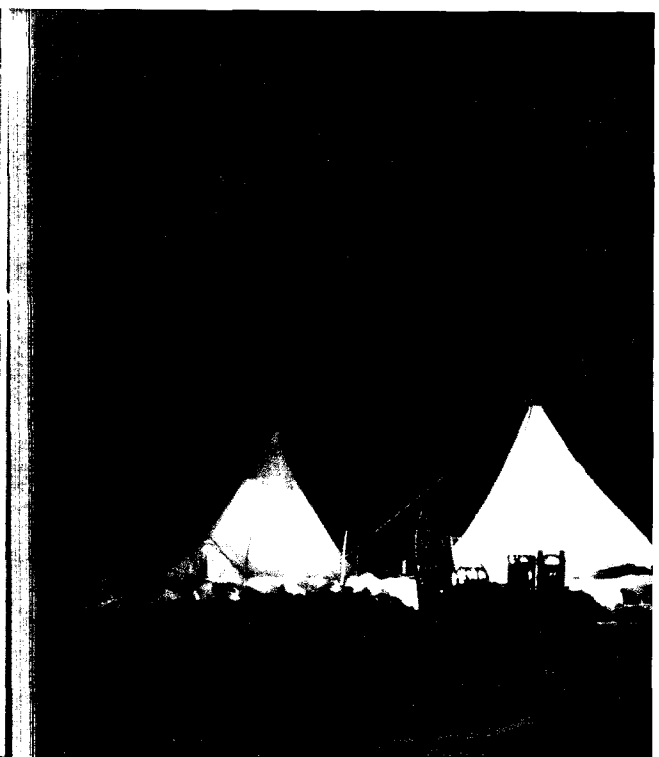
Wherever possible, the party hauled supplies with snow jeeps. When going got rough, men had to drag the jeeps.



From McGonnagall camp at edge of Muldrow Glacier the trek led toward Mount McKinley.



Crews shuttled supplies between five camps like McGonnagall and Brooks (above), pictured at night.

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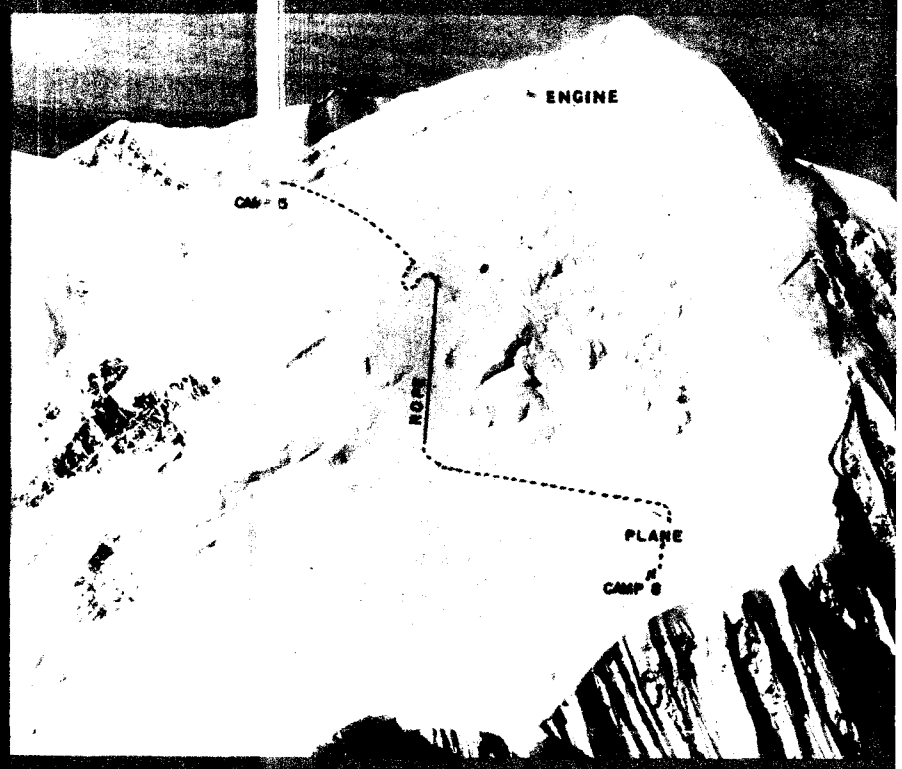

This air view shows 12,160-foot peak where plane crashed, grinding one engine into the snow, then plunging 1,500 feet to a stop near precipice.

S/Sgt. Jim Gale (left) of Anaconda, Mont., the party's chief noncom, rests with Grant Pearson and Brad Washburn.

Pilots dared tricky downdrafts to drop grub and climbing gear to the advance party.

Three days' digging yielded the shattered fuselage, under 10 feet of snow, but no bodies were recovered.

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MAIL CALL

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

One of the provisions of the misnamed GI Bill of Rights says that if any adjusted compensation (war-service bonus) is authorized in the future, benefits paid under the GI Bill of Rights are to be deducted from payments. . . .

I believe that a large percentage of men in the armed forces will never get a nickel's worth of benefits from the GI Bill of Rights. . . .

North Camp Hood, Tex. —Pfc. RUSSELL I. WARREN

Dear YANK:

Under the GI Bill of Rights as it now stands, only those few GIs who were 25 years of age or less, or in school, at the time of their entry into the Army can benefit by it educationally. The educational benefits of this bill may sound wonderful, but they don't mean a thing to the many GIs who were over 25 and not in school when inducted. [GIs over 25 can get at least one year of free schooling.—*Ed.*]. . . . Should they be denied the right of an education because they were born too soon, or because the war started too late?

Many men, including myself, have become aware of talents and ambitions which had been unknown to them before they were initiated into this fraternity. Many of these GIs, when they were inducted, were 25 years of age and not in school because of no fault of their own. When such men return home, they are going to want to develop that talent or ambition through training.

Since experience is a slow teacher, I am afraid the GI who enters at 25 or over, spends five or seven years in the Army and then has to go home and learn the slow way may not be able to make it—unless he lives to be 100 years old. Why not give him a break? He's still capable of learning and having ambitions, even when he's 31 or 32.

Belgium —Sgt. JAMES H. QUARLES

Dear YANK:

There has been much comment on the GI Bill of Rights, but can anyone tell me one thing that is offered to the man who has been in service before the war and would like to remain in after the war? He is not eligible for mustering-out pay, cannot borrow money to purchase a home or business and has no educational advantages.

Everyone knows that a large military and naval force must be maintained in peacetime. Though a man remains in the military service, many would like to own their own homes. These men who were in service before the war and are making the Army or Navy their career were the backbone of our armed forces. Without them this large Army and Navy of ours could not have been trained and prepared to defeat our enemies. Yet not one thing is being done for them if they choose to remain in service. Why?

San Diego, Calif. —WO W. D. FOWLER, USMC

Dear YANK:

Many servicemen are frankly afraid of post-war breadlines, apple-selling and other "manifestations" of business depression and mass unemployment. We see no reason for waiting until the war's end to ask questions. When peace comes on the battlefields, will there be peace for the returning serviceman? Will he have the peace of a job, of a living wage, of security?

Congress has answered with a "GI Bill of Rights." What does the GI Bill of Rights do for us? Under it the veteran can *1)* resume his education—*if he was under 25 at time of his entry into service and can live on $50 a month; 2)* get a loan of $2,000, at 4-percent interest, from a private banker, to buy a house or a farm or to go into business—*if the banker thinks he is a good risk; 3)* get a maximum of $20 per week for up to 52 weeks within a two-year period—*if he is unemployed through no fault of his own.*

Many of us think the GI Bill inadequate. We want it amended to include *1)* direct, government, long-term, interest-free loans to veterans to aid us on our return to civilian life; *2)* free and adequate aid to all veterans to complete their schooling, or re-education in new fields; *3)* adequate unemployment insurance until re-employed; *4)* cost-of-living pensions to disabled veterans and to dependents of those who have given their lives in this war.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —JOHN LEE DOMURAD JR. S1c

German Civilians

Dear YANK:

Why are German civilians allowed to remain in and behind the front lines in German territory? What master mind has decided that they are only the harmless unfortunates of war? Aren't they all potential spies and underground workers for the Fatherland? Why aren't they driven from their homes as the people of France, Belgium and Holland were, and made to clog the roads of the German military machine? How many of them are German soldiers who slipped through the lines to kill Americans and gain information to take back to the Nazi gangsters?

Brother, in Germany you fight on four fronts, not just one. Children will walk up and ask you for a chocolate, and shoot you in the back. One soldier was shot in such a way today. They can see every position, every installation, and when we are on guard even here in the rear area, we feel the eyes of these freedom-haters on our backs. God pity the infantry joe, with the so-called friendly civilians watching him in his muddy foxhole from the windows of their homes. He left his home to abolish this slave-driving master race. Are they to be abolished or mollycoddled? Why should they be left in the beautiful sanctity of their homes to spy and direct activities against us?

Let us keep these people ahead of us, and to the center of the country they love. Let them stay behind their mighty *Wehrmacht* and go to their beloved *Fuehrer* for food, clothing and shelter.

Germany —A Field Artillery Battalion

WAC Diet (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

In reply to Sgt. Jessica E. Wilson's letter [complaining that the Wacs don't have a well-balanced diet], if she wants a well-balanced meal send her to China. You can balance a whole meal sometimes on the smooth side of your mess kit. . . .

China —Pfc. CHESTER D. RUNDE

Fair Play

Dear YANK:

Although I am an officer, I don't like to see enlisted men treated unfairly.

Our commanding officer established a leave system for GIs consisting of a list, made up by headquarters, which assigns a definite date to each man for his leave span. If said man is unable to take his leave at such time, he forfeits same and his name is put at the bottom of the list. Some men have had to forfeit their leaves because of financial difficulties and other reasons. Can't something be done about this?

Midland, Tex. —(Name Withheld)

Rear Echelons

Dear YANK:

We are becoming increasingly aware of the bitterness and antagonistic attitude displayed by the Infantry and other front-line troops to the men who serve in the rear-echelon outfits. We are fully aware of the danger, hardships and intense discomforts endured while at the front, and we have the utmost respect and admiration for the joes who actually slug it out with Jerry. But these guys should stop and realize that without the Air Corps to soften up, knock out otherwise inaccessible machine-gun emplacements, keep the *Luftwaffe* at bay and perform other invaluable aid, their tasks would be rendered a thousand-fold more costly, grinding and difficult.

From then on it is only logical to perceive the absolute necessity of excellent service personnel for these airmen. Our outfit particularly keeps them flying when we repair their flak-torn and bullet-riddled radios. Without good communication, close air and ground teamwork would be virtually impossible.

Italy —Cpl. JOHN HARRISON*

*Also signed by Pvt. Johnny Rice.

"Dutch Bonus"

Dear YANK:

. . . I would like to know the facts regarding the Dutch Government paying a bonus amounting to 32 percent to GIs serving in Dutch territory while it was considered a combat area. Does this mean 32 percent of base pay or base plus overseas pay, and is it payable to Allied soldiers who are operating on any Dutch soil within the Southwest Pacific Area?

Australia —Cpl. R. J. MANUEL

■ The extra money is not a bonus at all, nor is it paid by the Dutch Government. It is a readjustment of the monetary exchange between the American dollar and the Netherlands East Indies *guilder*. In January 1943 the Office of Chief of Finance established the Netherlands East Indies *guilder* to be worth $.4019 U. S. currency. In April 1944 it was readjusted to be worth $.53267 U. S. currency. The servicemen who got paid in NEI money from the time he entered Dutch territory until he left the territory, if it was prior to June 30, 1944, is due to collect 13 cents extra for each *guilder* he got over the pay table in cash.

The Lieutenant Sees Red (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

After reading 2d Lt. Fred L. Crisman's letter [headed "The Lieutenant Sees Red"] I didn't see red, but I saw brass, which has the same effect on me.

The lieutenant is sadly misinformed when he says that the enlisted man gets 15 days traveling time. I, too, live on the West Coast and am stationed in the "Deep South," 3,000 miles from home, and all I can get is 15 days with no traveling time.

As for flying home, surely the lieutenant has a lot better chance with his wings than the poor GI with his gunboats. As for that business about a second lieutenant putting a GI on KP twice in six months, I've yet to meet him. . . .

Camp Stewart, Ga. —Sgt. JAMES F. HOMER

Dear YANK:

. . . As to the lieutenant's statement that it's GIs like us who make SBs out of officers like him, for the lieutenant's information and edification an SB is, by definition, born, not made. No EM or group of EM ever made an officer an SB. An officer is one or isn't because he wants to be or doesn't want to be.

As for his hard-earned bars and wings, he volunteered to earn them. Nobody had to twist his arm to make him go to OCS. In four years the good officers I've come in contact with have readily admitted that their OCS was a breeze compared with the hard work they must put in living up to the commission they have freely accepted. They've been too busy and too sensible to be bothered by quips. But then it takes all kinds of people.

I, too, want to add my gripe about officers accrued-leave pay. My buddies who have been on Makin and Saipan, who have already served three years overseas without furlough, certainly deserve some compensation for the furlough time they've missed. Their officers will get it; why won't *they*?

If the lieutenant is desirous of securing more time at less expense to visit the West Coast, if his visits there are more important than his duty, then he can avail himself of the privilege of resigning his commission, becoming a lowly GI and then getting that 15-day travel time he obviously resents others getting.

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —Pvt. PEARSON C. GRAHAM

Dear YANK:

. . . We have many fellows right here at our own base who have never seen home since they came into the Army nearly three years ago. And this isn't the only base like that either. The only furlough they ever got was 21 days to one of these so-called tropical paradises.

We fellows down here really take pity on that poor second louey, and we hope he gets moved to a base much nearer home so he won't have to spend so much of his hard-earned pay to get home. He can't think very much about home if he bitches about spending money first to get there. . . .

Dutch Guiana —The Boys of Surinam

Finer Things of Life

Dear YANK:

While overseas I read how the boys were treated when they got back in the States. Well, it sure is OK so far. Just this afternoon we were entertained by some beautiful babes who flew here from Hollywood. We here at the hospital think it is swell.

Some of us have been in the Army too long to appreciate the finer things of life, such as clean sheets and fancy food. Frankly, it is just too much for me and any GI who has seen combat for four or five years. I've been here in the hospital for over two months. Maybe I just ain't used to this lazy, lonesome life. Perhaps you can suggest something. I am a combat engineer with almost four years' service.

—Pvt. A. W. KNOCKLEMAN

Kennedy General Hospital, Tenn.

Ration Allowances

Dear YANK:

Can an enlisted man on detached service be obliged to pay for his own meals? I have been under the apparently erroneous impression that at all times the Army supplied this necessary perquisite to its men.

Recently I returned to my overseas station after a brief furlough which started and terminated at Fort Sheridan. When travel orders were issued at that post, they provided for group meal tickets, which would be charged against my subsequent pay, and then a ration allowance would be credited for the period. Since the meal tickets are $1 per meal and the ration allowance is 65 cents per day, obviously the net cost has been $2.35 per day for me and others likewise affected.

The furlough was so welcome that this cost for only three days is trifling, as is the fact that a ration allowance does not compensate for other meals I necessarily purchased before my furlough started. Likewise, I am not quibbling over paying for two of the above-mentioned meal tickets issued but turned in unused. I merely question the legality of being charged for this expense.

Alaska —T/Sgt. DONALD E. TWITCHELL

20-Year Retirement

Dear YANK:

Gentlemen, if I may call you that, everyone who has been inducted under the Selective Service Act of 1940 has a problem on his mind: discharge and the post-war world. We, the other small percentage of our Armed Forces, also have one, but it's definitely not a discharge. It's a bill that will retire the American soldier at the end of 20 years instead of 30. Are we any different from the Navy? No. Let's get on the beam and give the Old Army what it deserves.

And if any of our dear readers have any caustic remarks about the Old Army, inform them that they can be saved for a later date.

France —Pvt. L. J. MacKOOL*

*Also signed by F. P. Barry.

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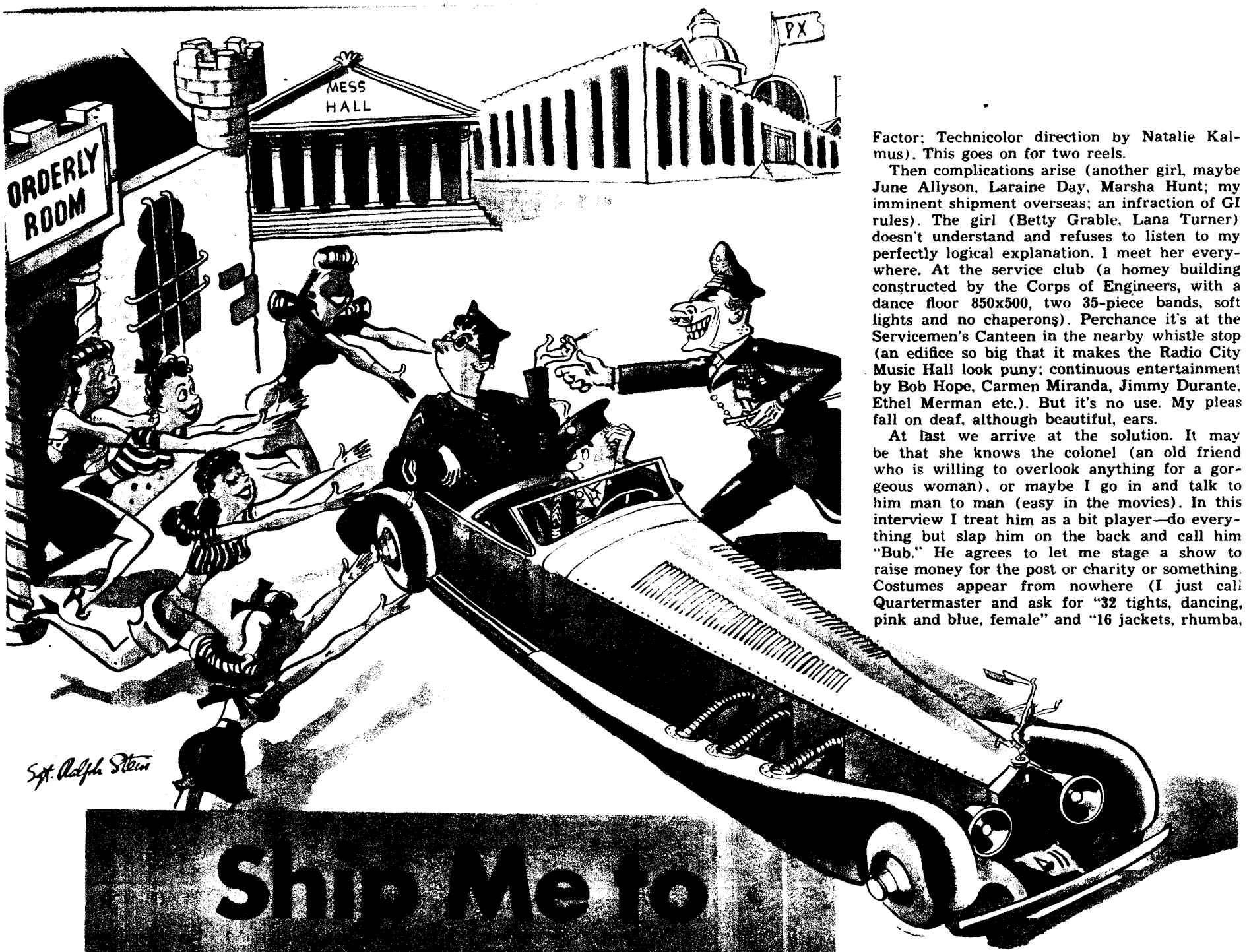

Ship Me to HOLLYWOOD

By S/Sgt. STANLEY MARGULIES

SOME GIs dream about returning to civilian life; others yearn for six-month furloughs with 30-day extensions. All I desire is a transfer to one of those Army camps they always show in the Hollywood musical comedies. As I sit dreamily over my can of dubbin, or gaze fondly at my dusty carbine, I let my mind go (at 120 steps to the minute) and muse about life in a musical-comedy camp:

First of all, at a nearby resort (hotel, inn, rest center, big city) there would be a beautiful girl (Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Vivian Blaine, Gloria DeHaven). Through one pretext or another (my assignment in town; she comes to a USO dance at the post), we meet and fall in love (romantically, rhapsodically, or with witty sayings on the side).

Naturally, I am not your ordinary dogface; in an army of 10 million I have outstanding qualifications. It just so happens that I am extremely talented, and our love blooms while we sing (Perry Como, Dick Haymes) or dance (Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly). There's a slight possibility that I neither howl nor hoof; I am just cute (Robert Walker) or a good-looking boy from a rich family (Van Johnson).

What's more, I have a bunch of pals who are full of smart sayings and rowdy repartee, a little thicker in the head than I, but nice fellows who show me off to advantage. These personable companions (Michael O'Shea, Phil Silvers, Vincent Price) help me in my escapades and further the course of true love. All goes well (with songs by Cole Porter), and we look extremely good in three or four musical numbers (music by Harry James and his orchestra; make-up by Max Factor; Technicolor direction by Natalie Kalmus). This goes on for two reels.

Then complications arise (another girl, maybe June Allyson, Laraine Day, Marsha Hunt; my imminent shipment overseas; an infraction of GI rules). The girl (Betty Grable, Lana Turner) doesn't understand and refuses to listen to my perfectly logical explanation. I meet her everywhere. At the service club (a homey building constructed by the Corps of Engineers, with a dance floor 850x500, two 35-piece bands, soft lights and no chaperons). Perchance it's at the Servicemen's Canteen in the nearby whistle stop (an edifice so big that it makes the Radio City Music Hall look puny; continuous entertainment by Bob Hope, Carmen Miranda, Jimmy Durante, Ethel Merman etc.). But it's no use. My pleas fall on deaf, although beautiful, ears.

At last we arrive at the solution. It may be that she knows the colonel (an old friend who is willing to overlook anything for a gorgeous woman), or maybe I go in and talk to him man to man (easy in the movies). In this interview I treat him as a bit player—do everything but slap him on the back and call him "Bub." He agrees to let me stage a show to raise money for the post or charity or something. Costumes appear from nowhere (I just call Quartermaster and ask for "32 tights, dancing, pink and blue, female" and "16 jackets, rhumba, mauve, male" and other bits of GI frou-frou. The QM whips these up out of some old OD blankets and salvaged underwear).

To arouse interest in the show, we round up all the girls on the post, who are uniformly beautiful and shapely and look like any first-rate chorus line. These girls (jeep drivers, postal clerks, stenographers) can sing and dance and learn an intricate routine in 3½ minutes. But no one is surprised. After all, this *is* the Army.

The night of the show arrives and the entire affair is a smashing success. I pour my heart out in a song ("I'm in the Middle of Nowhere", "I Love You") and she joins me on the second chorus. Now she understands, and in the final kiss (with the Hays office counting the seconds) we decide on an immediate marriage. At this point a pal (Michael O'Shea, Phil Silvers, Vincent Price) looks right out to the audience and indicates our intention (words, actions, grimaces). Everyone is delighted and the newsreel starts.

Melt me a couple more drops of opium, boy, and bring me a pretty girl (Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Vivian Blaine, Gloria DeHaven).

My pals are full of smart sayings and rowdy repartee.

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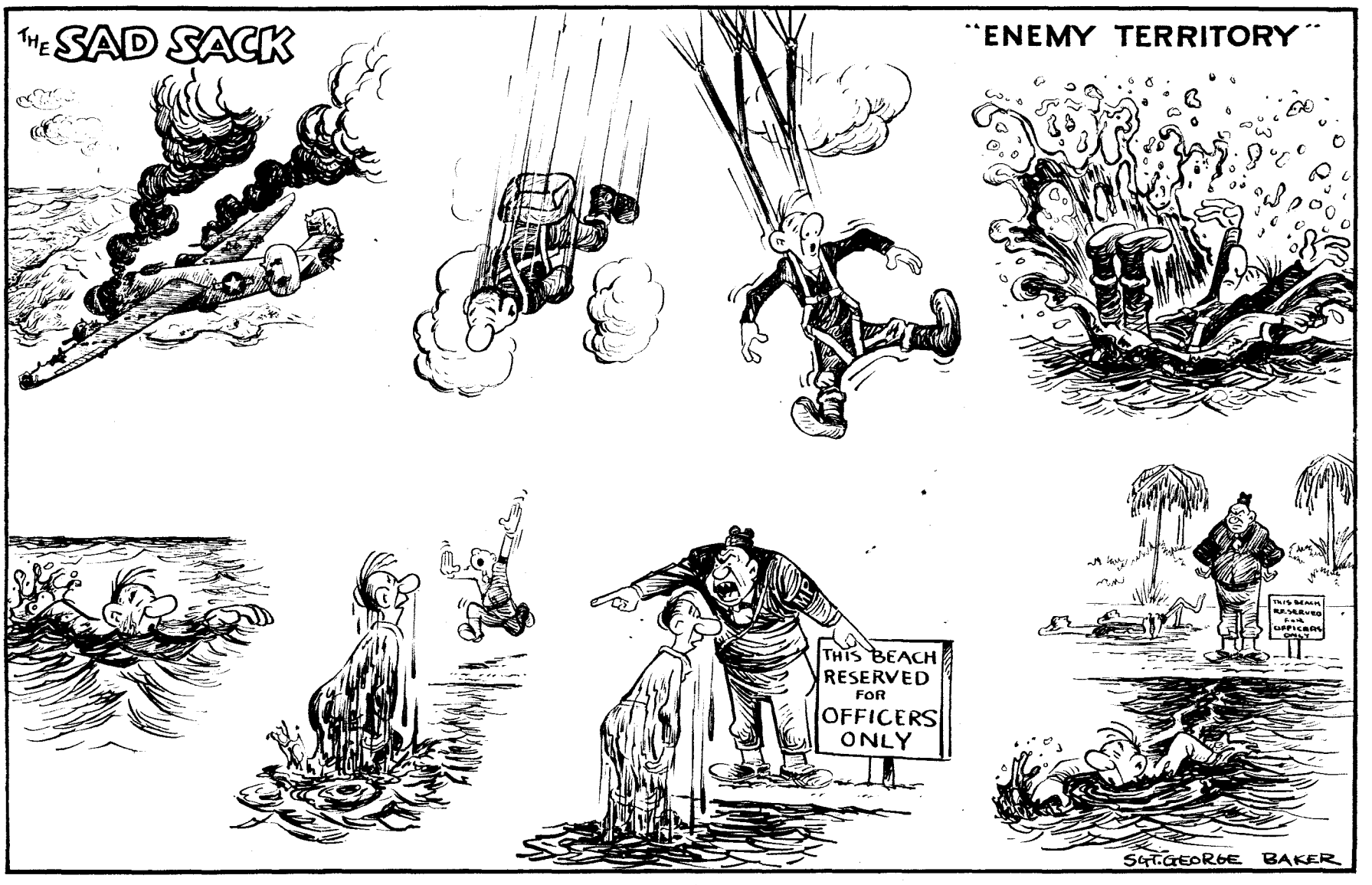

the man who liked SPAM

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—There once was a big fellow named Cyrus Ringer who, in the due course of time, received his greetings and found himself in the Army. Ringer wasn't very happy about it all until he sat down to his first meal and they slammed a big piece of Spam in his mess kit.

Strange as it may seem—and, brother, it does seem strange—Spam had been Ringer's favorite food in civilian life. In fact, he considered it a rare delicacy. So he ate the Spam as fast as he could and shocked the cook by asking for seconds. When he came back for thirds, the mess sergeant passed out. His gut full of good old Spam, Ringer bummed a cigarette and sat back and smoked. If they gave you Spam every day, he decided, the Army wasn't going to be so rough after all.

Ringer was a good mechanic and an excellent shot, but his lust for Spam turned out to be the high point of his military career. The mess officer, hearing about this strange character, quickly had Ringer put into Special Service. He skipped basic and was immediately made a T-5. His sole duty was to eat Spam at mealtime with great relish, which wasn't hard for T-5 Ringer. In a week he became the greatest morale builder the induction center had ever seen.

The Special Service officer wrote to Washington about this freak and, with sealed orders, Ringer was flown to a POE and immediately shipped overseas on a secret mission. As soon as he landed, he was driven at top speed to see the commanding general, who had more stars than a smack in the eye. The general told T-5 Ringer about his mission. It seemed that complaints about Spam had reached the point where even the Italians refused to eat it. As the general said, an army may move on its stomach, but in modern warfare it moves on Spam. The general impressed upon Ringer the great importance of his mission and the absolute secrecy it demanded.

All Ringer had to do was wander from mess hall to mess hall and ask for seconds on Spam. For six months he did this, and he grew fat and sleek. It was a happy life, with plenty of sack time, and he still liked Spam so much he carried small tins of it around with him for that mid-afternoon snack.

Along about the seventh month, T-5 Ringer got a little homesick and a little weak in the knees from using Italian "bathrooms." He went to the commanding general and said: "I want out. I'm not fed up with Spam, but I've had enough of the Army life."

"I'll make you a T-4," the commanding general pleaded. "I'll give you the Good Conduct Medal with five clusters."

"Nope," said Ringer, belching slightly. "You fellows been pretty decent to me, but I want to go home. I ain't happy no more."

The general was desperate. "I'll give you a furlough and make you a real honest-to-God buck sergeant!"

Ringer shook his head. "Not interested."

The general ran a handkerchief over his stars, polishing them up. "Just in case you've forgotten," he said, "these stars aren't Christmas-tree decorations. You're in for the duration and six and you'll stay in—all the way in!"

"Maybe—sir," Ringer said calmly.

The general wasn't too excited. He felt sure that after a few hours of real Army life Ringer would come crawling back to his secret mission.

THE next day, as the general was driving down the street, he saw Ringer leaning against an out-of-bounds doorway, finishing a small can of Spam while six little Italian kids got sick to their stomachs watching him. Ringer looked pretty sloppy.

The general stopped his car. "Get away from that out-of-bounds joint!" he thundered. "Button up that shirt! And where's your tie?"

"Let's take it easy, bud," said Ringer. "You're talking to a civilian now."

The general went pale. "You're out?"

Ringer carefully ran his finger around the inside of the Spam can, licked the Spam off and threw the can away with a sigh. "Sure I'm out," he said. "I got a Section 8."

"You did?" the general gasped. "How?"

Ringer borrowed a cigarette from the general and lit it. "Simple," he said, blowing out a perfect smoke ring. "Perfectly simple. They gave me a Section 8 two seconds after I went up and told them I liked Spam."

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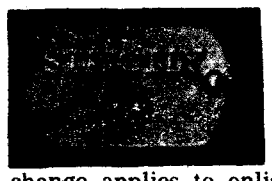


Appointment of Pfcs

A change in AR 615-5 authorizes commanding officers to promote privates to the grade of pfc without waiting for a T/O vacancy. The change applies to enlisted men or women who have completed one year of satisfactory service, or who have served outside the U. S. Those inducted from a U. S. territory or possession must have served outside the territory from which he was inducted. The amendment adds that the promotion will be reserved for those qualified but denied the stripe through lack of vacancies. [*Change 5, AR 615-5, 1944.*]

Size of the Fleet

The U. S. Navy, now the world's largest, started the year with 61,045 vessels totaling 11,707,000 tons. The vessels include 1,167 warships and 54,206 landing craft. Of these vessels, 39,971 were added in 1944, including 420 warships, 640 patrol and mine craft, 630 auxiliaries, 557 district craft and 37,724 landing craft. Additions in 1944 totaled 5,457,490 tons.

The fleet has a total of 23 battleships, 26 aircraft carriers, 60 escort carriers, 63 cruisers, 418 destroyers, 496 destroyer escorts and 249 submarines. These figures include ships transferred to allies. In 1944 the Navy received 30,070 aircraft, of which 26,401 were combat planes, and spent $2,800,000,000 on guns, shells, torpedoes, rockets and other ordnance items.

Western Front

Gen. Eisenhower has ordered use of the word "replacement" discontinued in the ETO. Hereafter, that type of personnel will be called "reinforcements." The order was issued because some American divisions in that theater are now composed almost entirely of reinforcements.

Since D-Day in France, no American soldier has been executed for cowardice, desertion in the face of the enemy or any other military offense carrying the death penalty. Records show only 16 cases of capital punishment administered: four for murder and 12 for rape.

The WD announced that Christmas Eve saw the capture of the 800,000th German prisoner on the Western Front since June 6, 1944.

AAF Score Sheet

Since Pearl Harbor approximately 85 percent of the AAF's over-all bomb tonnage has been dropped on European objectives. Of the grand total of 1,202,139 tons of bombs dropped, Europe received 1,022,854 tons.

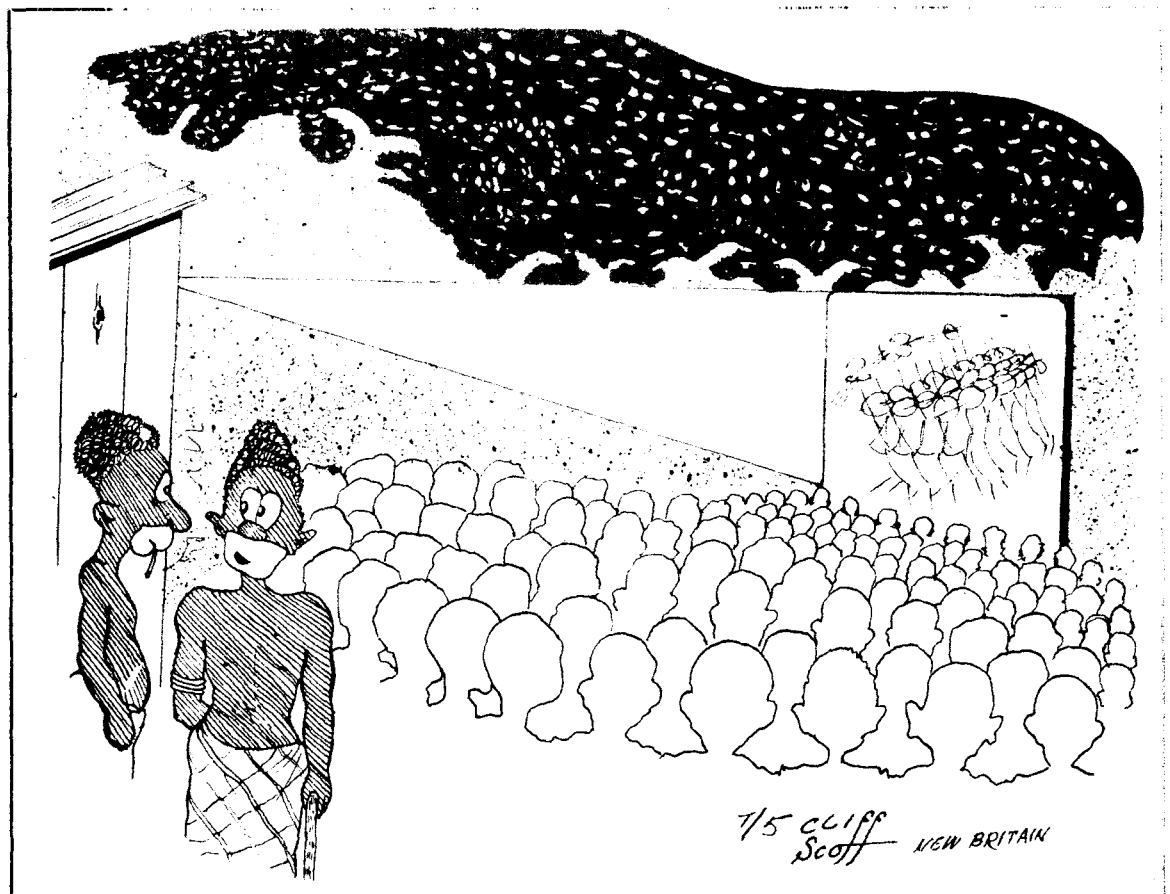
Europe's 20 most heavily bombed cities, with the number of tons dropped on them, are: Berlin, 13,717; Ploesti, 13,098; Munich, 12,937; Vienna, 11,671; Merseberg, 11,391; Cologne, 11,236; Hamm, 10,105; Brunswick, 9,431; Kassel, 8,656; Hamburg, 8,481; Ludwigshaven, 8,264; Kiel, 7,662; Budapest, 7,007; Frankfurt, 6,642; Saarbrucken, 6,476; Muenster, 4,741; Hanover, 4,697; Bucharest, 4,403; Osnabruck, 4,357; and Wilhelmshaven, 4,130.

The AAF in the three-year period destroyed 29,316 enemy planes, of which 6,686 were Japanese. Total U. S. plane losses were 13,491.

Human Pick-up

After four successful tests of picking up a human being from the ground by an airplane in full flight, the AAF is seriously considering standardizing the procedure as a means of rescue. The first test was made on Sept. 5, 1943, by 1st Lt. Alexis Doster, who suffered no ill effects. The three other trials were made in 1944. Subjects say the ascent is without noticeable jerking effect.

The AAF is now working on pick-up kits which could be dropped to flyers stranded on ice floes or in jungles. Light planes were used in the experiments, but fast cargo ships and even fighter planes may be used in future tests.



"Uh-oh! Looks like another flag-waver!"

Defense Commands Merged

The Eastern Defense Command has absorbed the Southern Defense Command to effect economy of personnel and operation. The consolidated command, under Lt. Gen. George Grunert, CG of the Eastern command, has headquarters in New York City. This move leaves the U. S. with two defense commands, the Eastern and the Western, the latter composed of eight West Coast states.

Women's Wear

The Quartermaster Corps is now procuring dark OD slacks of wool and tropical worsted for regular issue to nurses serving on hospital trains, troopships, overseas duty and in flight-nurse training. Formerly nurses had to buy them at the PX.

QMC has also developed and put into immediate production a combat service boot for Army women. Made on the same last as the regular Army field shoe for women, the new boot is almost identical to the men's combat boot, with a wide two-buckle cuff at the top.

Army Food

Compressed precooked cereal discs, 2¾ inches in diameter and 11/16 inch thick, which were added to the C ration some time ago will be included in the K-ration packages. The cereal is premixed and ready for eating with the addition of hot or cold water or, if desired, it may be eaten dry.

Items that have been added to the hospital ration include the new cereal discs, cocoa-beverage powder, malted-milk tablets, toilet tissue, paper towels and plastic sippers. The sippers are used by wounded men for drinking.

Tests by QMC reveal that the Army's C ration is high in nutritional value and contains protein of great biological value. In every experiment, feeding of the ration resulted in rapid growth and replenishment of protein in the blood, necessary to soldiers who have been wounded.

Aces of Second World War

U. S. Army Air Forces fighter pilots who had shot down 15 or more enemy planes in aerial combat as of Dec. 15, 1944, were announced by the War Department as follows:

PILOT	AIR FORCE	AIRCRAFT DESTROYED
Maj. Richard I. Bong	Fifth	38
Maj. Thomas B. McGuire	Fifth	30
Lt. Col. Francis S. Gabreski (Prisoner)	Eighth	28
Maj. Robert S. Johnson	Eighth	27
Maj. George E. Preddy	Eighth	24
Capt. Don S. Gentile	Eighth	23
Maj. Gerald T. Johnson	Fifth	23
Maj. Fred. J. Christensen Jr.	Eighth	22
Col. Neel E. Kearby (Missing in Action)	Fifth	22
Col. Glenn E. Duncan (Missing in Action)	Eighth	21½
Capt. John J. Voll	Fifteenth	21
Maj. Walker M. Mahurin	Eighth	21
Maj. Jay T. Robbins	Fifth	21
Lt. Col. Robert B. Westbrook	Thirteenth	20
Col. Charles H. MacDonald	Fifth	20
Lt. Col. Thomas J. Lynch (Killed)	Fifth	20
Col. Hubert Zemke (Prisoner)	Eighth	19½
Lt. Col. David C. Schilling	Eighth	19
Col. David L. Hill	Fourteenth	18¼
Capt. John T. Godfrey (Prisoner)	Eighth	18
Lt. Col. Herschel H. Green	Fifteenth	18
Capt. Duane W. Beeson	Eighth	18
Maj. Walker Carl Beckham (Prisoner)	Eighth	18
Maj. Don M. Beerbower (Killed)	Ninth	17½
Capt. James S. Varnell	Fifteenth	17
Capt. Cyril F. Homer	Fifth	17
Maj. Edward Cragg (Missing)	Fifth	17
Capt. Glen T. Eagleston	Ninth	16½
Lt. Col. William N. Reed	Fourteenth	16½
Maj. George S. Welch	Fifth	16
Lt. Col. Richard E. Turner	Ninth	16
Maj. Samuel J. Brown	Fifteenth	15½
Maj. Bill Harris	Thirteenth	15
Capt. Richard A. Peterson	Eighth	15

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Alaska: Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF; Cpl. John Haverstick, CA.

Iran-Iraq: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.

Panama: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Don Cooke, FA; Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Middle East: Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

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Camp News

Perennial Successor

Red River Ordnance Depot, Texarkana, Tex.—When Cpl. George A. Dovel Jr., an artist with the Training Materials and Publications Branch, was selected to attend OCS at Fort Belvoir, Va., Cpl. Robert J. Bonfils replaced him. Nothing unusual about that, except that the long arm of coincidence is always entwining itself around the lives of Dovel and Bonfils.

Back in 1939 Dovel graduated from the Kansas City (Mo.) Art Institute, and Bonfils had entered that school the same year. While employed in the advertising department of a Kansas City furniture company, Dovel was offered a more promising job and resigned to accept. A short time later Bonfils filled the vacancy.

Dovel became Pvt. Dovel in October 1942 at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Just nine days later the same installation added Pvt. Robert J. Bonfils to its recruit roster. Bonfils was starting his basic technical training with Company C, 4th Battalion, at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., just as Dovel was winding up his BTT course with the same unit.

Right now there aren't 10 men here who would bet Cpl. Bonfils won't receive orders to report to OCS at Fort Belvoir.

Prodigal's Return

Lake Placid, N. Y.—Arriving home from the Southwest Pacific, Pfc. Charles J. Depew found that his family had vanished. Not until after he had enlisted the aid of Army officials was the mystery solved. While Depew was fighting the Japs he was unable to write to his family and received no mail from them. When he went to the family home in Hammondsport, N. Y., upon his return, he found it vacant.

Through the Army he learned that his mother had died, that his two brothers had entered the Army, that one of them had been killed in Italy and that his father had moved to California to take a job in a defense plant.

The month of September is persistently involved in Depew's affairs. He was inducted during that month in 1940 and his mother and brother both died in the month of September. He also returned from his tour of duty in the Pacific in September.

Disarming the Brass

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—It happened at one of the gates here recently when South Dakota weather was at its chilliest and frigid blasts of wind howled across the field. Driving through the gate, an officer noticed a group of enlisted men standing with their hands in their pockets. He had to remind them of the regulations against keeping their hands tucked away in that manner, but he didn't want to sound too GI about it.

He stopped his car and said: "You boys aren't cold, are you?" He intended to go into a discussion of what soldiers should not do regardless of the weather, but before he could say another word five GIs piled into the car, thanking him profusely for what they thought was a proffered lift.

"What could I do?" the officer related afterward. "I took them where they were going and forgot all about the lecture."

Mental Gymnastics

Chico AAF, Calif.—Cpl. Eddie Greenberg of the 533d AAF Band is quite a man when it comes to making mental calculations during an evening, according to T/Sgt. Carl Modell, leader of the "Wings of Swing," Chico's dance band.

Arriving for a GI dance, Cpl. Greenberg found the piano he was to play out of tune. After much tinkering, he got the piano tuned—but it was pitched a half-tone lower than it had been. So, in order to harmonize with the rest of the band, he had to transpose every note of his music during the 4½-hour dance, playing each number in a different key than he had been used to.

CAGY VETERAN NIBBLES BAIT

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pvt. Marvin Sandberg was seeing the booby-trap demonstration for the fifth time and he fancied himself a man of experience. After a 30-minute lecture on the dangers of beer bottles, picture frames, etc., the demonstrator pointed to a bottle on the table and asked whether anyone wanted a cold drink. Everybody said it was a booby trap except Sandberg. He bet a pal $2 that it contained liquid refreshment and walked over and picked it up off the table. After he had paid off his bet and taken his clothes, blackened by the explosion, to the cleaners, he wailed: "It just couldn't be. Those bottles have been booby traps every time before. There's a law of averages, you know."

Mystery of Open Spaces

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla.—MPs here finally solved a mystery just about the time they were ready to turn in their night sticks for strait jackets.

Cruising around in their radio-equipped jeeps, the MPs answered a call to pick up a soldier in a certain barracks. A thorough search revealed no such barracks and no such soldier. Another call directed them to a point two miles from the base, where they were to escort an important visitor in. Buzzing to the rendezvous, they found no staff car. And more wild-goose chases followed. Meanwhile at Ellington Field, Tex., 1,200 miles distant, MPs also dashed hither and yon on phony calls.

Finally it was found that Old Man Weather was having himself a time. Both airbases are on the same frequency and both use the same car numbers. A freak atmospheric condition resulted in AAFTAC directing Ellington Field's jeeps and vice versa.

Still unsolved, however, is the mystery of how puny 25-watt radios, whose maximum distance is about 25 miles, got chummy over a 1,200-mile stretch.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Belvoir, Va.—Company A of the 1293d Battalion would settle for a hundred more buck privates, according to 1st Sgt. W. R. Rensig. "We're too specialized," he complained about his outfit, an engineering demonstration unit. Consequently tech sergeants rake leaves, staffs pull targets on the rifle range, technicians act as mule skinners and the top kick chops wood.

Brooklyn Armed Guard Center, N. Y.—One section of the gunners of the *SS John Archbold*, who returned to the AGC after being out 399 days, went 113 days without getting ashore. It was 2200 hours when they finally hit the beach at an overseas port, and they had to report back to the ship an hour later. Reason: curfew. Next day they shipped.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—A laboratory technician at the post hospital who thought the walk might have been a little too much for a soldier-patient, asked him: "Did you get transportation?" "No, ma'am," he earnestly assured her, "they didn't give me nothin'."

New York POE, N. Y.—An IG was going down the ranks questioning the men with overseas ribbons. "How long have you been back?" he asked one well-decorated soldier. "Twenty-four years," answered Sgt. Schraeder of Company D, a veteran of the first World War.

Fort Benning, Ga.—GIs can get their haircuts from a couple of generations of the same family. During the first World War, Anton Bollinger vowed that if his soldier-son came back safely, he would serve soldiers the rest of his life. The son did, and Bollinger, now 75, is a barber here. He has worked on the hair of men when they were second lieutenants and years later when it was gray and they were colonels. The son Frank also runs a barber shop on the post, and a third Bollinger is barbering in nearby Columbus.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Watching a confiscated German film, Cpl. Bartholomew Patnode of the 80th Field Hospital, a former bobsled veteran from Lake Placid, N. Y., recognized a general who was shown shaking hands with Hitler as a member of the German bobsled team that competed in the Olympic Games at Lake Placid in 1932. He recalled that the general, Werner Zahrx, had haughtily refused the offer of Billy Fiske, the American captain, to show him how to negotiate one hazardous turn. The German sled spilled, Zahrx and several of his teammates were seriously injured and the team was eliminated from the games.

MASCOT. The half-grown desert fox snarling on the shoulder of S/Sgt. Milton Beard was nicknamed Rommel by MPs at Tonopah (Nev.) Army Air Field.

Cpl. Mike Giska shows how many Giskas are engaged in war effort.

7 Boys in Family of 14 Are in the Army

De Ridder AAB, La.—Back in March 1942 the Giska boys' family was the talk of their home town. There were 14 in the family, and all the boys were driving around in the five Giska-owned automobiles. Six months later seven of the boys had either enlisted or had been drafted. Cpl. Mike Giska is on the DeRidder PT staff, and here is a record of his brothers:

Frank Giska volunteered for the Rangers and made corporal in combat in Normandy.

Edward, also a corporal, volunteered as a glider pilot in the 101st Airborne Division. Landing on D-Day of the Normandy invasion, he was wounded and removed to a hospital in the rear.

Pfc. Walter Giska and Pvt. Joe Giska are in Ordnance. Both have seen overseas duty, and Walter took part in the fighting around St. Lo.

S/Sgt. Adam Giska is an aerial gunner in the Eighth Air Force and has made most of his missions over Belgium.

Pfc. Andy Giska found himself in Artillery and was on the crew of one of the big guns that thundered death and destruction in Normandy.

Of the three other brothers, all of them in war industries, Jake expected to be called into the service early in 1945. Stanley is 40 years old, and Ritchie, 16, wants to get into the Navy.

The two Giska girls are employed in a plant that makes cables for battleships. Mr. Giska works in a plant that produces landing craft. Mrs. Giska collects salvage and serves on war-work committees in her community. And she participated in the launching of a ship as representative of the Polish National Alliance.

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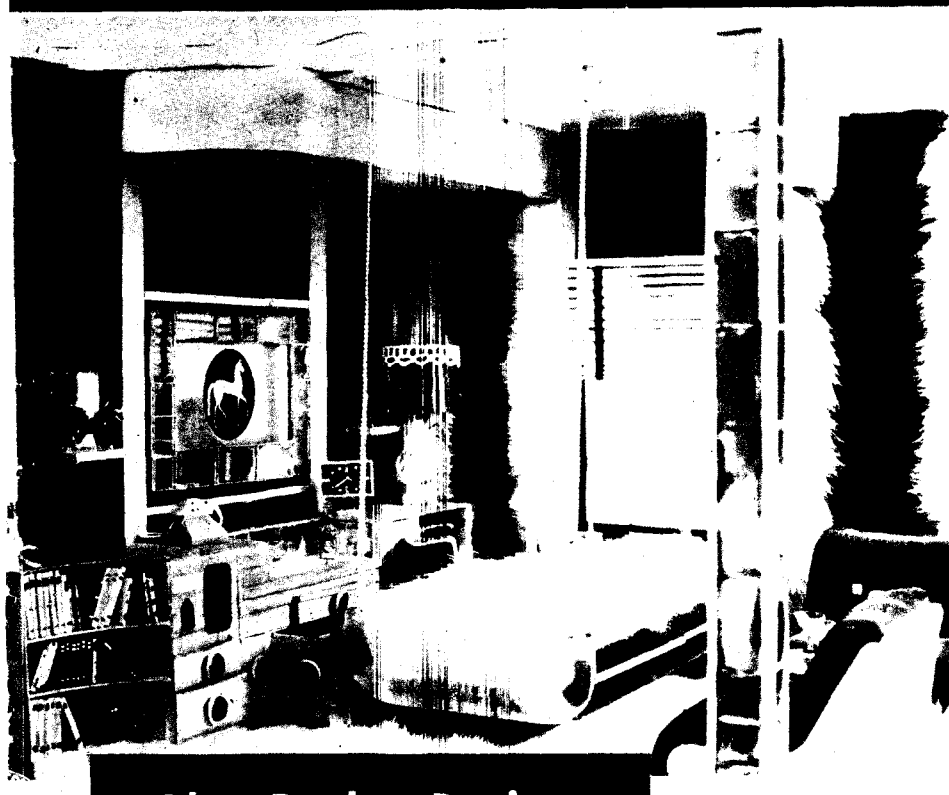
ON THE AIR

SKIN BEATER. The New York Port of Embarkation boasts one of the best GI bands in the Army. Pfc. Jimmy Crawford played with Jimmy Lunceford before he put on ODs. He led a recent magazine poll as the nation's best drummer.

WAC MODEL. No wonder art classes are popular with GIs at Camp Shanks, N. Y. Wac Pvt. Lillian Mander models for the lucky doggies who attend the evening easel sessions. The intent artist studying her from the left is Pvt. Leon Talbot.



GI at Rucker Designs Dream Barracks

Camp Rucker, Ala.—Pvt. Robert H. Lilly of this post has constructed a GI's dream barracks in miniature. Scaled one inch to a foot, it was fashioned by means of a razor blade and glue, from pine, balsa wood, silver and gold mirror glass, leather, white fur, velvet, celluloid and metallic paper.

The bed, with a soft mattress and coverlet of white fur, disappears into the ceiling by means of chains and reveals a detailed map of the ETO on the bottom. The two tufted chairs are of scarlet and yellow, curved to fit a weary body, and between them is a cocktail table with all the accessories. There are other such furnishings as a bar with indirect lighting, water cooler, coke machine, concealed desk that pulls out, dial telephone, electric clock, automatic radio-phonograph combination, numerous drawers, one containing complete table service for breakfast in bed, and shelves containing 40 books, all beautifully bound and guaranteed not to be TM this or TM that.

Replacing the familiar pine posts of most barracks are four-sided mirrored columns. Masculine taste in the decor is carried out with sport prints and miniature horses. The windows are equipped with venetian blinds.

Pvt. Lilly says this model is the first of a series of ideal rooms. Next he promises the ideal orderly room, then the ideal CO's room.

Repeat That Name, Please?

Fresno ASCTC, Calif.—The men in a certain squadron at the Replacement Depot had been waiting for days to be processed and were extremely POd by the time they were ordered to "fall out in the street."

The top kick started to call off names. To save time, he called only the last names, and when he called a common one like Smith or Johnson or Murphy there would be an occasional shout, "Which one?" The men were becoming more and more irritated all the while because not a single name called belonged to anyone in this particular squadron.

Finally, when the top called "Zbydechanowski," one of the mob could no longer control himself. "Which one?" he yelled. —Pvt. ARTHUR ADLER

Yank Back From Home Abroad

Camp Upton, N. Y.—Returning to the States for medical treatment means coming home for most GIs overseas, but not for Pvt. Theodore Naylor, who arrived recently at the ASF Convalescent Hospital here.

Though born in Sudan, Tex., Naylor is more British than Yankee, and every one of the 14 days of his Atlantic trip to the States brought him farther from his wife and home in London. He moved to Black Heath, England, when he was 7 years old, and he attended St. Joseph's College there before he enlisted in the Canadian Army in October 1939. He transferred to the U.S. Army in May 1940. He saw France fall, was at Dunquerque and was captured at Tobruk.

—Pfc. BOYD McDONALD

Ground Crews Trained To Defend B-29s

Camp Irwin, Calif.—Ground crews for Superfortresses are being given a compact seven-day training course here in use of the .50-caliber ring-mounted machine gun. Camp Irwin was made available for this purpose to the Fourth Air Force and Fourth Antiaircraft Command through co-operation of the Army Ground Forces.

Since it was started Oct. 1, 1944, approximately 100 GIs a week have come to take the course from VHB (very heavy bomber) bases of the Second Service Command in the Middle West and Southwest. Eventually these Irwin-trained B-29 groundlings will man .50-calibers as supplementary antiaircraft defense at Pacific Superfortress bases.

After three days in classrooms going through nomenclature, functioning and stripping of the weapon, the students spend four days on a three-mile-long range, each with his own machine gun. Each man is given an allowance of 2,500 rounds, for his four days of firing—a quota over the AAA standard for a man in one year, according to Maj. James G. Bounds, CO of the Fourth AAC Training Detachment.

With the guns mounted on improvised ring mounts, the students fire at sleeve targets towed by A-24s, flown by Wasps from a March Field (Calif.) detachment. In addition, rockets launched at the speed of a diving plane are used to give the gunners training in firing at fast-moving targets flying courses other than at a constant altitude. The course ends with a night session at which the students shoot at targets in the glare of searchlights.

—By S/Sgt. TOM HALL

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YANK Pin-up Girls

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PT Man on a Destroyer

OFF the southern coast of France an American destroyer was plowing through a smoke screen to rescue two Allied gunboats cornered by two German corvettes. For two officers, one aboard the destroyer and the other on the bridge of one of the gunboats, the scene was familiar but it brought back different memories.

The sight of the destroyer bearing down in the nick of time reminded Lt. Comdr. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., aboard the gunboat, of a Hollywood thriller. Fairbanks was tactical commander of a task group that had been pounding enemy shore batteries until intercepted by the German corvettes. Outgunned, the craft he rode and another gunboat were taking a drubbing. With guns and radios silenced, they tried to retire behind a smoke screen, but the maneuver was going badly. Then the destroyer showed up.

Aboard the destroyer, the situation also looked familiar to the skipper, Comdr. John D. Bulkeley, but not from the movies. All he could see of the enemy at first was a series of dull red flashes; then a dim hulk loomed through the smoke. Bulkeley's signalman, Bethel Dial of Van, W. Va., sent the challenge: "We are Americans. Who the hell are you?" When the unknown ship returned the same message, that too was familiar to the destroyer's skipper. He had used the trick himself on Jap ships when he commanded a PT squadron in the Philippines, and in his first action in command of a destroyer Comdr. Bulkeley knew what to do. He ran up within 3,000 yards of the German and ordered, "Open fire."

Nothing happened. His ship, the *USS Endicott*, had been pumping five-inch shells into the shore batteries of Ciotat; the guns were red hot and their breeches wouldn't close under automatic control. Again Bulkeley asked for fire and again nothing happened. By then he could see the second German corvette behind the first. "Please tell Mr. Rogers to open fire with at least one gun," he begged.

Lt. Charles A. Rogers, gunnery officer, told his men to load the guns by hand and pound the breeches shut with mallets. Leonard Barge S1c of Sutherland, Oreg., tried it on his gun and, though he burned his hands on the hot brass, it worked. One by one the other guns joined in until all were firing intermittently.

[illegible] rushing up within [illegible] blank range before [illegible] a shot must have baffled the Germans. By now the two Allied gunboats had retired out of range, but while the corvettes' guns were turning on the *Endicott*, the destroyer's shells were already landing accurately. By fast maneuvering and good luck the *Endicott* had run unharmed to within a few thousand yards of two formidable German ships. This was the kind of spot the crew had trained for, with the important difference that the automatic fire control was out.

Luckily, the Germans were in bad tactical position—too close together—and Bulkeley could direct his fire at either one without maneuvering his ship. The *Endicott's* third and fourth shots landed in the engine room of the nearer corvette and stopped her dead. A few more shots, and she was smoking badly.

German shells were converging on the *Endicott*, too, but they were near misses until a call went up to the bridge: "Hit in the forward living compartment—taking on water!" Lewis Fisher CM1c and Lewis Ashe SF3c went below with a battle lamp into a strong smell of burning cloth. They found the hole in the side and plugged it, then swept the light around and saw the red-hot German armor-piercing shell smoldering in the middle of a bunk. They carried bunk and all topside and heaved them overboard.

At their positions, the gunners were still slamming the shells in with their hands. Barge loaded 80 shells in less than an hour, keeping three powdermen busy feeding him. He said later that he had to keep loading "because that damn battle buzzer kept ringing." Once another gun jammed, and William Russel GM1c opened the breech, yanked out the hot powder and reloaded—a trick not recommended in gunnery school.

By this time some telephone lines and aerials were shot out, but otherwise the *Endicott* was unhurt. The men were like rooters at a football game; with each shot they cheered and then hit the deck when German shells landed close and sprayed shrapnel. There was only one casualty; Paul Verdier S1c of El Verano, Calif., was conked when a five-inch shell fell off a rack.

The first German ship had begun to list and her men were jumping overboard. The second turned and headed for Marseille. Bulkeley sent two torpedoes after her, and at the same time the German discharged two torpedoes at the *Endicott*. Both ships swerved, and all four torpedoes missed their targets.

Bulkeley earned [illegible] PTs early in the war and ran rings around the Jap Navy when he ferried Gen. MacArthur and Philippine Government officials out of the Philippines. Now he maneuvered the *Endicott* between the corvette and the coast to cut her off. Closing to 1,500 yards, he turned loose the 40- and 20-mm guns, sweeping the corvette's decks. Whole gun crews were wiped out. Others jumped overboard. A shell hit the stern magazine and another the forward magazine, and the corvette went up like a skyrocket. The first ship had already sunk.

The *Endicott* picked up 164 men and five officers. The officers demanded life preservers because "the *Luftwaffe* will be over soon and we'll all be in the water." Under guard of Joe Finkelberg TM1c of Los Angeles, Calif., and Henry Schwartz MM2c of the Bronx, N. Y., the officers clung to their Nazi arrogance and tried to cheer their men as they were hauled aboard. But the men were very wet and didn't look cheered.

By gestures Finkelberg tried to get an officer to give him his Iron Cross for a souvenir, but the officer refused haughtily. The Germans did show some interest in a map of Europe on the wardroom wall showing Allied gains on all fronts. The ship's doctor, corpsmen and a German pharmacist set up a dressing station in the wardroom and worked 12 hours with the German wounded.

Later in the day Lt. Comdr. Fairbanks came aboard the *Endicott* to thank Bulkeley for coming to the rescue. The *Luftwaffe* didn't show up and the action ended as it had begun—like a Hollywood version of a rescue in which everybody shoots and only the villain gets hurt.

—DONALD NUGENT S1c

Message Center

LT. RUTH ANDERSON, once in Italy, now believed to be in North Africa: write Pvt. Eileen R. Payne, AAF Sta. Hosp., AAB, Newark 5, N. J. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. MORRIS BOBROW, last heard of with the Infantry in Holland in Oct. 1944: write Maj. Ruth Spivak, 2920 Ontario Rd., Washington, D. C. . . . Sgt. WILLIAM F. BROWN of Dryden, Maine, once at McChord Fld., Wash.: write Cpl. Robert Bruce Brown, 4 Sample Apts., El Dorado, Ark. . . . JOHN D. BROWNE of El Dorado, Ark., once in a Radio Sig. Bn. in San Diego: write Pvt. Paul R. Landers, SCU 1908, QM Det., Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Cpl. RICHARD BUCOLIC, last heard of with the th Sig. Rep. 1st WS, APO 680: write Pvt. W. Sher, Sec. Q, Lowry II, 3705 AAF BU, Denver, Colo. . . . Cpl. ELMER DOBBINS, last heard of in Panama, Co. A, 33d Inf.: write Cpl. Richard H. Lamb, Hq. Det., 8th Repl. Regt. (Inf.), Fort George G. Meade, Md. . . . Cpl. LEE A. DRISDLE of the 1899th Engr. Avn. Bn., H/S Co.: write Everett T. Brown, Veterans Hosp., W-5, Fort Bayard, N. Mex. . . . Anyone having information about Pvt. JERRY FISCHLER, Inf., last heard of in France: write Sgt. Sigmund Rosenblum, Med. Sec., SCU 1488 AG & SF Redistribution Sta., Asheville, N. C. . . . Lt. PATRICK J. FLANAGAN, last heard of in July 1944 with 551st Bomb Sq.: write Cpl. Leo W. Laughlin, Ward 6B (638), Gardiner Gen. Hosp., Chicago 15, Ill. . . . Maj. D. M. FRAZIOR: write Sgt. Otto G. Munguia, Co. I, 291 Inf., APO 451, Camp Breckenridge, Ky. . . . Pvt. MYRON NELSON GIBSON, with the 418th MP Escort Gd. Sq., last heard of at Fort Custer, Mich.: write Pfc. Horace P. Gregg, Co. A, Hq. Det., SCU 1907, Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Pvt. DONALD L. GRAHAM, formerly with an MP Det., Camp Wolters, Tex., last heard of in England: write Cpl. James B. Doyle Jr., MP Det., Camp Wolters, Tex. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pvt. MANUAL GUITERREZ, in Sacramento, Calif., in 1942: write S/Sgt. Ed. M. Coolahan, 3026th AAFBU, Sec. AB, Merced AAB, Calif. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. GEORGE W. HAMBLIN, last heard of with the 174th Inf. Regt.: write Cpl. Barnnie B. Hamblin, Sec. A, Davis Monthan Fld., Tucson, Ariz. . . . Pfc. HUBERT KELLY, last heard of in France: write Cpl. Anthony Nizza, 3704th AAFBU, Section T, Cl. 2-27, Keesler Fld., Miss. . . . WARREN KISCH MoMM3c: write T-5 David Schwendinger, 3163 Sig. Serv. Co., Camp Edison, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . AL KNOWLES, last heard of on Kaiser Portland Ship in March 1943: write Sgt. Clair H. Cox, 3d AFPD, Plant Pk., Tampa, Fla. . . . Pvt. NORBET KOSTANSKI, last heard of with the 424th Inf. at Fort Meade, Md., later in England: write Pfc. Joseph Guideiti, Sec. D, Bks. 133, Westover Fld., Mass. . . . STEVE E. KRANICZ of Lakewood, Ohio, last heard of in Italy and France: write Pvt. George V. Kappa, Hq. Sq., MCAD, Miramar, San Diego 45, Calif. . . . Pfc. JOE LAKE, in the AAF, last heard of at Lawrenceburg, Ind.: write Pvt. Victor E. Mondary, Hq. Det., DEML (SC4THSC), Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. . . . Lt. ROBERT M. LUTON, 0-2045062, now overseas: write Pvt. Jannet Berger, 1010 AAFBU-C, WAC Det., Atlantic City, N. J. . . . S/Sgt. FRANK V. MARONEY, last heard of with the 341st Engrs.: write your brother, Jack Maroney BM2c, Shore Patrol, USN, Port Hueneme, Calif. . . . Pvt. PHILIP MARTINEZ, once with the 746th MP Bn., Fort Bliss, Tex., last heard of somewhere in England: write Pfc. Henry V. Arriola, Tng. Gp. 1, Tng. Sub. Gp. B, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. SAM MINEO, last heard of with Btry. C in a Field Artillery outfit somewhere in France: write Paul J. Mineo, Ward C-17, Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver 8, Colo. . . . VERNON MOFFITT, once in Kansas City, last heard of at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Lt. Grace J. Colucci, Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver 8, Colo. . . . S/Sgt. JERRY RAPPAPORT of New Haven, Conn.: write Pvt. Milton Prigoff, Bks. 1128, 3508 AAFBU, Sec. H, Truax Fld., Wis. . . . WALTER RIPPLE of Chicago, veteran of first World War, later in Army Reserve, now in active service: write Cadet Earl Kalland, 1712-46-58, Army Air Corps, Coe College, Iowa. . . . Sgt. J. BROOK ROBINSON, last heard of with the Sig. Serv. Regt., Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write Cpl. Henry L. Pope, Sec. L, BMC #3, Boca Raton Fld., Fla. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. EDWARD EUGENE ROGERS, last heard of with Co. A, 133d Inf.: write S/Sgt. Joe Bennett, Sq. E, 463d MP Sec., Geiger Fld., Wis. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH E. SCHRADER, last heard of at Sheppard Fld., Tex.: write Lt. Ted J. Stanford, 461st AAFBU, Sq. T-1, Fourth Air Force, Lemoore, Calif. . . . Cpl. ALEX SHARP, formerly with the 554th Sch. Sq., Santa Ana AAB, now in the Pacific: write S/Sgt. Glenn E. Morgan, Sec. C, 3026th BU, Merced AAF, Calif. . . . T/Sgt. DANIEL F. SKINNER JR. (AACS), once with the 2d OPS at McClellan Fld., Calif.: write Cpl. Peggy Moseley, 4127th AAF BU, Sec. C, McClellan Fld., Calif. . . . MARTIN STRELZER of Brooklyn, N. Y., once at Johnson Fld, N. C., last heard of at Drew Fld., Fla.: write Pvt. Benj. J. Indoccio, Willsgrove AAF, Providence, R. I.

IF you want to day-dream the five young ladies are all telephoning to break their dates because they'd rather stay with you. Their poses, down to the last dimple, are inspired obviously by the leggy lassies George Petty draws. All five girls are ornaments in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's forthcoming screen musical "Ziegfeld Follies."

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'Didn't I tell you to take the dough out of your money belt before we left?"

—Sgt. Dick Ericson, Fort Totten, N. Y.

Dear Member of the Class of '37: We are always interested in what you are doing. Write us and . . ."

—Cpl. Edith Allport, Truax Field, Wis.

"Well, sir, this is a surprise!"

—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Daniel Field, Ga.

PX

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Monday Ain't Friday

THERE'S a lot of loose talk going around about the kind of country GIs will find when they come home. Well, I've just returned from a tour of foreign duty (incidentally if that's the sort of thing tourists do, I'm strictly a home-town boy from here on in), and what do I find? I find chaos, or something pretty close to it.

At the very first GI hostelry at which I put up on home soil, I find on the bulletin board a cordial greeting from mine host stating in so many words that we will have Tuesday inspections instead of Saturday inspections.

Now to the untutored civilian mind, a change from Saturday to Tuesday inspections may seem very small potatoes indeed. But GI you and GI I know it's no such thing. We know that from such acorns great oaks grow—or, rather, from such goings-on great aches grow. I do not know to what extent this poison has penetrated the body military. Perhaps it is confined to one field, perhaps to one barracks. Even so, there it is—a viper in our bosom that must be plucked out by the roots before it explodes in our hands. (All right, you take what I had to start with on that metaphor and try to make an orderly retreat.)

A man who for years has been indoctrinated with the military necessity for GI-ing barracks on Friday nights and is suddenly confronted with the necessity for GI-ing on Monday nights faces an emotional crisis that only the most rugged can ever hope to survive.

Just stop and think about it for a minute. Picture yourself in a barracks that has Tuesday inspections. What happens? Comes Friday night. You're off duty at 5 o'clock. You have a date at 7 o'clock. You rush to the barracks, grab a mop and broom and frantically begin cleaning your area. Presently you open your foot locker. You gaze at the mess with anguished eyes. With grim determination you commence the job of transforming chaos into something that you believe resembles the picture of the model foot locker. Halfway through this thankless task you are shaken by a convulsion. You jerk yourself erect, shrieking: "Kerist! The inspection ain't tomorrow, is it?" A nearby sack who up to this point has remained mute and motionless now stirs and speaks dramatically. "For chrissake, Mac," this sack remarks, "tone it down to a dull roar, can't you? And try to use your head. I've told you agane and agane and agane the inspections here are on Tuesdays." So you meet your date at 1900 EWT and fascinate her throughout the evening by muttering periodically: "It's on Tuesdays! Kerist!" You do not, however, date her again. Somehow she has lost interest.

And what of the future of that man of genius, the last-minute sacker? The man who has trained himself to ignore gravity on Friday nights and lie in a state of colloidal suspension just above his bunk, so as not to disturb a beautiful white-collar job and thus gain a few precious moments of extra sacking on Saturday morning? I'll tell you about his future: it's blank. He's through, finished, washed up and out. He simply is not going to be able to change with the changing times. Friday nights will find him, as usual, sleeping on air above a white-collared bunk. Tuesday mornings will find him rolling out of a mangled mass of bedding six minutes before an inspecting officer enters the bay. And the shock to the sacker's nervous system, when the officer enters, will send him reeling to the psychiatric ward. The shock to the inspecting officer's nervous system we will pass over lightly.

There's another angle to this Tuesday business, too—a more sinister one. Changing from Saturday to Tuesday inspections isn't just a blow at Army tradition. It's a lethal thrust at Americanism itself. I don't know just how Saturday inspections in the Army started, but I'm convinced there is a mystic connection between them and that grand old American tradition, the Saturday night bath. If you strangle one, the other will wither and die. And what man can say with certainty to what extent the American way of life rests on the Saturday night bath?

I hasten to add, however, that I am part of the loyal opposition. The man says Tuesday inspection. This is Monday night. With a heart full of foreboding for the future, but trusting we will somehow muddle through, I go to GI my area.

Mitchel Field, N. Y. —Sgt. FARLEY O'BRIEN

GOOD SCENTS

They took away our pretty clothes,
Our silly hats, our nylon hose;
They made us cut our flowing hair
And gave us OD underwear.
We're soldiers now, of frills bereft,
But there's still something we have left!
Redolent is the squad-room air,
As we uncork our bottles there.
There's Joy and Shocking and Mais Oui,
Desire, Risque and Follow Me,
Tabu, Shanghai, Moment Supreme,
Old Spice, Heartbeat, Poetic Dream,
Evening in Paris and Allure,
Temptation, My Sin, Nuit d'Amour;
A thousand odors rise, as we
Express our femininity.

L'Envoi

Who thinks perfume gives charm its accents
Has never smelled assorted WAC scents!

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

Let's Dream This One Out

THIS is how I'd like it to come.

I'll be dashing around the office, a glowing pipe stuck at a manly angle in my fine, thoughtful face, putting the paper to bed. We used to just *print* the paper, but ever since we saw that newspaper movie we put it to bed, using hospital corners and a double fold. Well, just as a slow, sleepy smile comes over the paper's lovable little puss the phone rings. It is Sgt. Maj. Prouty, telling me Maj. Bendix wants to see me right away.

My fine face a shade more thoughtful, I squeeze my tie shut and walk briskly over to post headquarters. It is a cold day, and the air is silent except for the glad, clear cry of a noncom calling to its detail. As I walk into the major's office I notice exceptional sternness on his face. I move up to the edge of his desk, straight as an Old Army man. "Weldon," says the major, "you're out of uniform."

My entire past life swims before me at a fast crawl as I grope mentally for my shoes (dubbin), my trousers (pressed), the braid on my hat (green), the buttons on my field jacket (complete). "Yes, sir. Er . . . pardon me, sir, could I know just how, sir?"

"This is how," says the major, handing me a piece of paper. It is a special order, freshly cut and still bleeding around the authentication. I read it once without comprehending. I read it again. I am stunned and stupefied and the paper falls out of my nerveless fingers. "Here, let me take it," says a kind voice, and Maj. Bendix, grinning as he hasn't grinned since Armistice Day, helps me to a chair and presses a glass of water to my parched lips. "Poor fellow," he murmurs, "it must have been a shock. Here, my boy, drink this." The cold water restores me a bit, and I try to get to my feet. "Don't get up," says the major soothingly. "There's no hurry."

I am dimly aware of faces crowding into the doorway. Maj. Strong, Lt. Kenney, Capt. Gray, Sgt. Barmley. Broadly beaming faces. Bursts of song. Peggy Fields and Jean Gerson throw their arms around me and spot me with lipstick. A comforting babble of voices. Maj. Gregory emerges from the confusion and extends a hand. "Congratulations, corporal," he says, "how does it feel?"

Too dazed to answer I smile wanly while the crowd bursts into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" A light goes on and off and I realize my picture has been snapped. "A statement, a statement," and off in a corner Maj. Bendix is saying to half a dozen reporters: "Yes, it's a promotion. Deserved? I should think so."

Hardly realizing what I'm doing, I stumble uncertainly to my feet and the crowd, seeing I'm about to speak, falls silent. "My friends," I begin, and I realize there are tears in my voice as well as on my cheeks. "My dear beloved friends and officers. I have always been a loyal member of the working class. In fact it is with genuine reluctance that I accept this great honor because I know it means leaving forever the ranks of those grand fellows, the KPs. But I want them to know that this will not change me. At heart I am still, always will be, a plain, ordinary fighting man."

As the crowd, stirred to its depths, drinks my health in bubbling burgundy that has appeared from nowhere, a short, dark lieutenant, with a sneer below his unpleasant mustache, strides importantly over to Maj. Bendix. "Major," he says sharply, "I'm from command headquarters. Now, this promotion. What about the T/O?"

"My dear fellow," Maj. Bendix replies with icy deliberation. "Let me worry about that!"

Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON

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SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

The Yawkey Air Force

Mr. Thomas A. Yawkey

THE news that Mr. Thomas A. Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox and leading pigeon fancier of the American League, is considering selling the Red Sox and buying the New York Yankees brings up an interesting question, i.e.: What will become of the Yawkey Air Force?

The Yawkey AF consists of some of the finest dive-bombing pigeons money can buy. They are based in the outfield at Fenway Park and have been especially trained by Mr. Yawkey to follow the flight of a fly ball. It was Mr. Yawkey's sinister plan to bring his air force into play when the Red Sox were at bat, thus confusing the enemy outfielders, who couldn't distinguish between the ball and the pigeon.

But in test flights last season the Yawkey AF gave shockingly bad performances. For some strange reason the pigeons couldn't distinguish between the Red Sox and the visiting team. When the Red Sox came to bat the dive-bombers refused to leave their coops. It was only when Red Sox took the field that they straightened up and flew right.

We don't know whether it has occurred to Mr. Yawkey or not, but it might pay him to throw his air force in with the ball club when he sells out. The pigeons could then continue to harass the Boston outfielders, especially when the Yawkey Yankees came to town. And Mr. Yawkey, if he liked, could start all over with a new and improved air force at Yankee Stadium.

We haven't heard yet whether Mr. Yawkey has found a buyer for the Red Sox. Personally we hope he doesn't find one. We'd like to see him give the ball club, complete with the feathered bombers, to his old friend, Mr. Connie Mack, as a gift. The expense involved would mean nothing to Mr. Yawkey, a human piggy bank, and the gift would more than repay Mr. Mack for the many kindnesses he's shown Mr. Yawkey.

Mr. Mack naturally would be pleased to receive such a gift. For years, he has come to feel that he is a part of the Boston Red Sox. In the early days when Mr. Yawkey first went in search of a pennant, he shopped almost exclusively at Mr. Mack's ball park. At the time, Mr. Mack was fighting a losing battle with his creditors and was an obliging trader. Looking over the Athletic line-up, Mr. Yawkey would point to a long, slender piece of ivory and ask: "Who is he? How much does he cost?"

"That's my best left-handed pitcher," Mr. Mack would say. "His name is Grove. Lefty Grove, naturally. His left arm alone will cost you $25,000. Completely assembled he's worth another $25,000."

"Wrap him up," Mr. Yawkey said. "All of him."

And so it went until Mr. Yawkey had exhausted the Philadelphia market. He bought Pinky Higgins, Jimmy Foxx, Roger Cramer, Rube Walberg, Max Bishop and Lou Finney.

Mr. Yawkey shopped elsewhere, too, in his quest for pennant material. He once visited Mr. Clark Griffith in Washington to inquire the price of his shortstop, Joseph Cronin.

"How much for that spirited young man?" Mr. Yawkey asked.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and not a penny less," Mr. Griffith said. "This man Cronin is extremely valuable. Besides being my shortstop, he is manager of the team, and the husband of my favorite niece."

"I'll take him," Mr. Yawkey said, reaching for his checkbook.

All in all, Mr. Mack would inherit a valuable ball club. But if he should happen to win a pennant, Mr. Yawkey would never forgive him or the pigeons either.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

LIPPY **Leo Durocher** carried his grudge against umpires all the way to Italy with him. "My only regret," he told GIs, "is that I can't see how **Beans Reardon**, the umpire, is taking it on his trip to the Pacific. No self-respecting foxhole would take *him!*" . . . **Mel Ott's** outstanding achievement in Belgium came when he spilled a cup of water into a general's lap. "I blushed like a schoolgirl," Ott said, "but the general put me at my ease. Said that was the first water to touch those pants since he had got them." . . . **Frank Mancuso**, the Browns' World Series catcher, tried to re-enlist in the Army, but the AGO turned him down because of a poor medical record. Mancuso was a lieutenant in the Paratroops and was discharged after suffering back and leg injuries while bailing out. . . . What's this we hear about **Cpl. Fritzie Zivic** taking over the management of an Army fighter, then knocking him out in a scrap for the middleweight championship of Texas? . . . **Pvt. Danny Murtaugh**, Phillies' second baseman, has volunteered for the Infantry after serving a year in the AAF. . . . Civilian volleyball experts can't understand why the Army insists on playing nine men to a side instead of six as the rules prescribe. With six-man teams, the players have more elbow room and the game moves faster.

Missing in action: **Capt. George Varoff**, ex-world pole-vault champion, over China with the AAF; **Lt. Stanley Klores**, Northwestern baseball coach in 1940-41, in Navy action off the Philippines. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Col. Wilmer Allison**, 1935 U. S. tennis champion, to full colonel in the AAF; **Lt. Don Heap**, former Northwestern football captain, to lieutenant commander in the Navy AF in England; **Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley**, ex-Fordham football coach, to full commander at Sampson (N.Y.) NTC. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Jimmy Kitts**, former Rice and VPI football coach, from Ottumwa (Iowa) NAS to duty in the South Pacific. . . . *Inducted:* pitcher **Rube Melton** and first baseman **Jack Bolling**, both of the Brooklyn Dodgers, into the Army. . . . *Ordered for induction:* outfielder **Stan Musial** and pitcher **Max Lanier**, of the St. Louis Cardinals, by the Army.

AT THE FRONT. Bucky Walters (left), ace Cincinnati Reds pitcher, chats with First Army GIs at a Belgian rest camp. Walters and four other stars made a good will tour of the ETO battlefronts.

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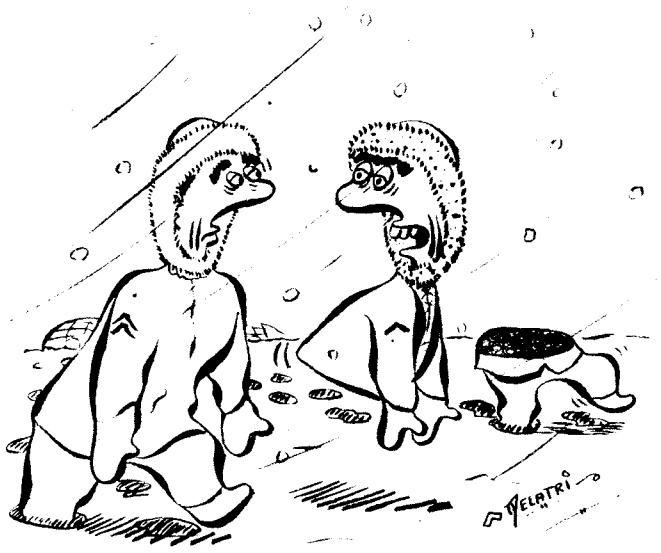
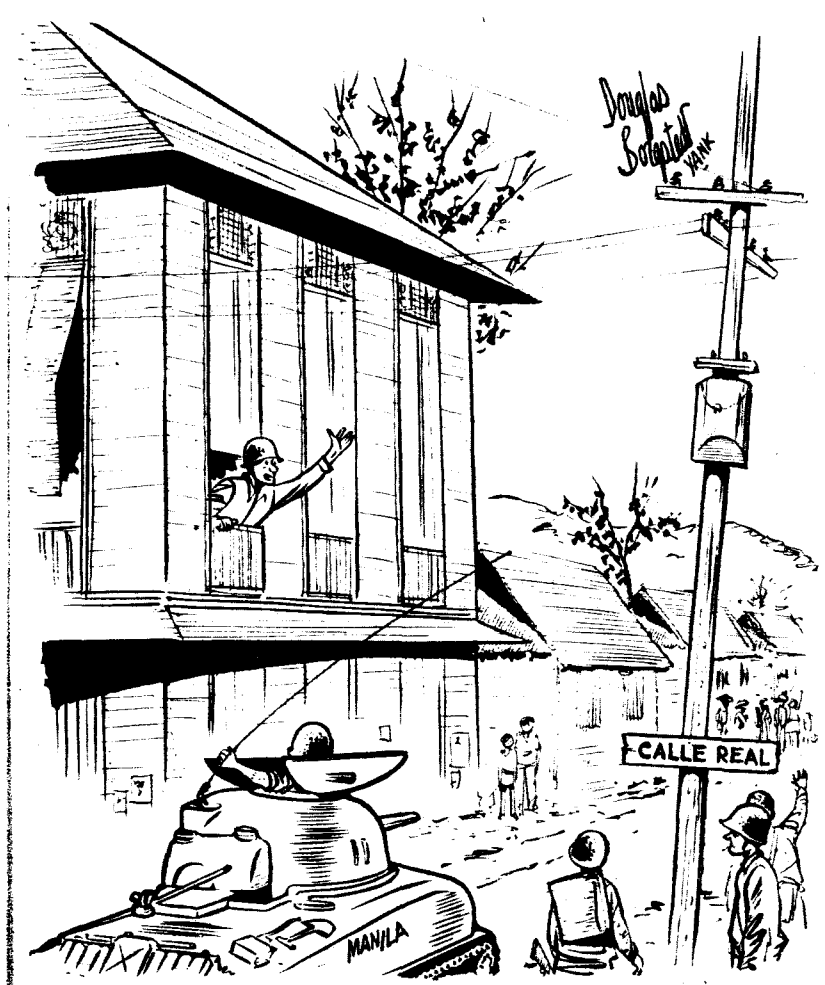


"BOY! THIS WIND GOES THROUGH YOU LIKE A KNIFE!"
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DRINKING, LIEUTENANT?"
—Sgt. George Mandel

"I WANT YOU MEN TO FEEL THAT I AM IN A POSITION TO UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEMS. BEFORE I WAS COMMISSIONED I WAS A FIRST SERGEANT."
—Cpl. Art Gates



"JEEZ, EDDIE! THE FIRST SECOND-STORY WINDOW I'VE YELLED OUT OF IN TWO YEARS!"
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

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